Save the Kiddies' Feet

MOST children's shoes give insufficient support to the instep. Nature gives baby's foot a beginning of an arch to its instep, and nature means that beginning to develop in early years into the grace and elegance of the perfect foot.

If they always walked and played on grass, nature could carry out its intentions. But they don't. Nature never thought of asphalt pavement. That is one reason why children's ankles sometimes bend inwards and why they show a tendency to grow up flat-footed and with dropped insteps.

This diagram shows the invisible extension of the ordinary leather stiffener you can feel in any shoe. This extension prevents the instep dropping.

For most shoes do not support the instep. If there is a tendency for it to drop, most shoes will let it drop. But not a Start-Rite. The Start-Rite has two features that help children to grow up as nature meant them to. The first is a little lengthening on the inside of the heel; the second, a little lengthening of the ordinary leather stiffener to support the instep. These two features make a shoe just as light and easy as the ordinary sort, but so much more comfortable, so much less tiring for little feet, and so very much better for their development.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.

Ask your shoemaker to show you a Start-Rite Shoe; feel it, put your thumb inside it and see what a real support it gives, then note what a pretty shoe it is, how sensible, and how altogether satisfactory.

START-RITE

Patented

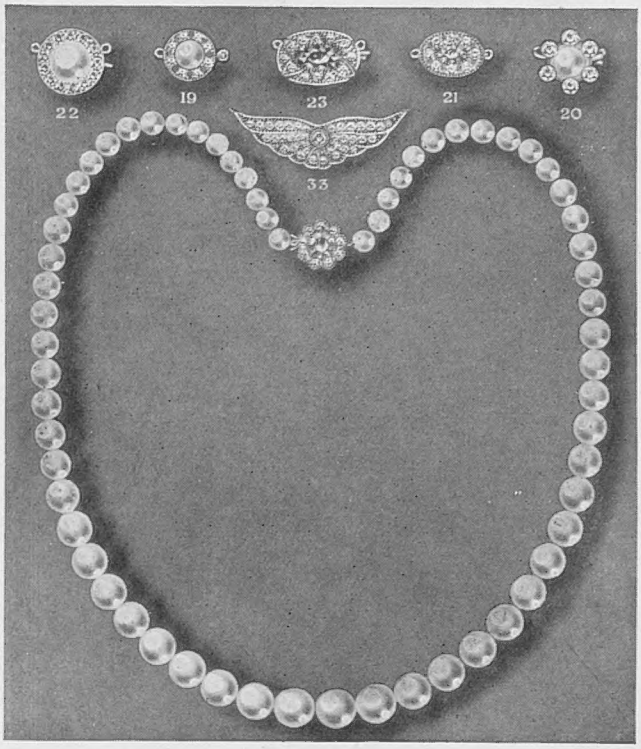
Boots and Shoes for Children.

If your shoemaker does not yet stock Start-Rite Boots and Shoes, send a card and we will tell you the name of our nearest agents.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD., NORWICH.

Famous for Fine Footwear since 1792.

Ranee INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM REAL PEARLS



Ranee Pearls Costing 3 Gns expertly valued at £1,200!

No more convincing proof of Ranee's resemblance to the costliest Oriental Pearls could be provided than by this unsolicited testimonial, the original of which is on Harrods' file. 'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent post free.

Messrs. Harrods *19th July, 1922*
London SW1

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I bought a 'Ranee' Pearl Necklace from you. I had it valued out of curiosity, and the valuation was £1,200. I feel I ought to tell you this . . . .

RANEE PEARL NECKLETS

with paste clasp; ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre.

'A' QUALITY		SUPER QUALITY	
Length 16 inches	**3 Gns**	Length 16 inches	**4 Gns**
,, 24 inches	**5 Gns**	,, 24 inches	**7 Gns**
,, 30 inches	**7 Gns**	,, 30 inches	**10 Gns**

Clasp No. 19 - **5/6** *Clasp No. 21* - **12/6** *Clasp No. 23* - **42/-**
Clasp No. 20 - **10/6** *Clasp No. 22* - **21/-** *Clasp No. 33* - **25/-**

'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent free

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

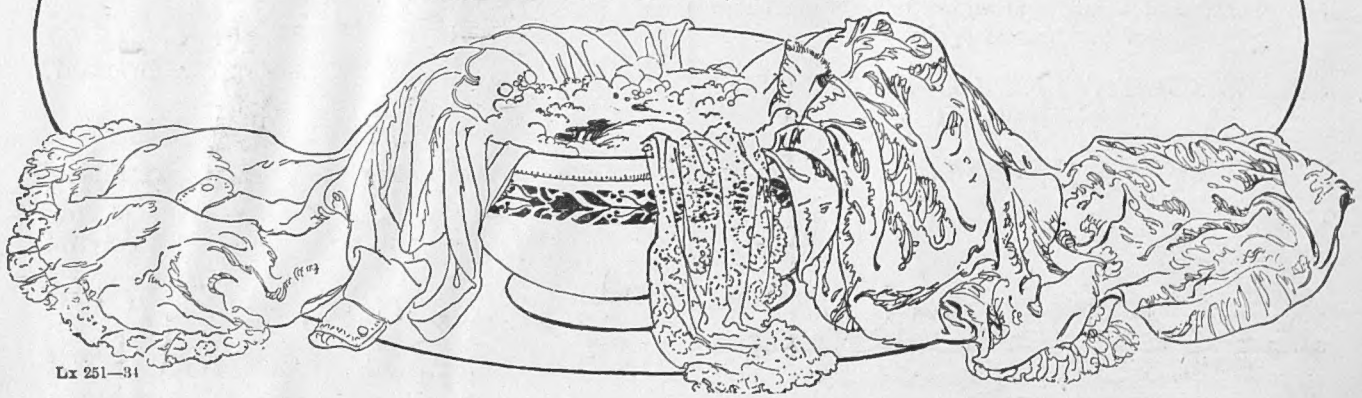
The Note of Refinement.

LUX adds to the note of refinement which is ever the charm of Dainty Fabrics. It is a link in the chain of pleasure associated with "My Lady's" wardrobe where refinement finds expression in material, in stitch, in design *and in washing.* Lux has made it unnecessary for Dainty Fabrics to be submitted to coarse, rub-a-dub methods of washing.

Lux makes a beautiful lather which coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

WON'T HARM A SILKEN THREAD. **LUX** **WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.**

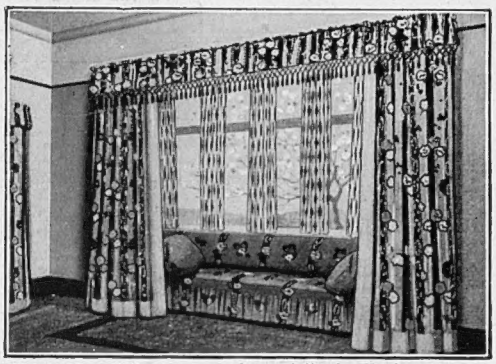
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



Lx 251—31

The Home Beautiful

ARTISTIC INEXPENSIVE FURNISHINGS



WILLIAMSON & COLE, Ltd. specialise in Window Treatments. Applications should be made for illustrations and samples of their Special Fittings, Casement Curtain Fabrics, Muslins and Nets.

CASEMENT CLOTHS from 10¾d. per yd. **BOLTON SHEETINGS** from 2/4½ per yd.

WINTER CURTAIN FABRICS

TAPESTRIES of wonderful value from 4/11 to 18/11 per yd. **RICH CORD VELOUR** in specially dyed shades, 8/9 per yd. 50ins. wide. **SATIN CLOTHS, REPS AND DAMASKS** in rich and effective shades from 5/11 per yd. **PLUSHETTE.** Reversible. Heavy quality roll pile, 4/11½ per yd. 50ins. wide. **ART SERGE.** Good range of colours from 1/11½ per yd., 50ins. wide. **CRETONNES, SHADOW TISSUES AND TAFFETAS** in large variety from 1/0¾ to 18/11 per yd.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

THE "MOSTYN" SIDEBOARD

Of fine quality Figured Oak, well finished throughout. Every accommodation. **16 gns.**

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE A SPECIALITY

Large Range of Excellent Models always on view.

THE 'OXFORD' CHAIR

Exceptionally comfortable and well upholstered, Spring edge seat with delightful slope, Covered in heavy quality Cretonne as illustration, **5 gns.**

WILLIAMSON & COLE'S establishment can be easily reached. From Victoria seven minutes by Elevated Electric Railway. By 88, 32 or 67 Bus, or by 34 Car from Clapham Junction. BOOK TO CLAPHAM ROAD.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM S.W.4

WARM NUNSVEILING HAND-MADE NIGHTDRESSES FOR PRESENT WEAR

This attractive Nightdress is entirely hand made by our own workers from pure wool nunsveiling in dainty and exclusive colourings, and is particularly suitable for the cold weather.

COSY NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) for winter wear, in pure wool nunsveiling, round neck and new shaped crêpe de Chine yoke, daintily trimmed with hand veining and crochet buttons. In Pink, Sky, Yellow, Mauve, White and Coral.

PRICE **35/9**

In rich quality crêpe de Chine, In Pink, Ivory, Sky, Mauve, Coral, Yellow and Jade.

PRICE **49/6**

In pure silk washing satin. In Turquoise, Vieux Rose, Flame Mauve, Cyclamen, Sky, Pink, Ivory and Yellow, **69/6.**

Dainty Lace Boudoir Cap trimmed with attractive feather mounts, **25/9.**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

XMAS BAZAAR

REAL MODEL OF L.C.C TRAM Painted Red, Green, White. **21/9**

VISIT our interesting Exhibition of artistic and practical Toys, made by the best Manufacturers. Toys to suit Children of all ages.

JOINTED MONKEY. Can be made to any funny position, in four sizes. **4/9, 10/9, 24/6. 34/6**

BEAUTIFUL DOLLS' HOUSE. Painted in Red and White, with imitation tiled roof, real glass windows, and doors open and close. **5½ Gns.**

MONKEY ON SCOOTER. Comical working when Scooter is in motion. **11/9** each.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.

ELLANESS
SCOTCH UNDERWEAR

Provides SAFETY *and* COMFORT *in* WINTER ACTIVITIES

Watching a College Game

A keen rivalry between two colleges and the excitement of a good game tends to make the onlooker forget the strength of the autumn wind and the need of a dependable make of pure wool underwear.

If you wear "Ellaness," the premier make of pure wool Scotch underwear, you will be safe under all winter conditions, and be able to enjoy yourself without risk of chill. It is made in several weights to suit every kind of constitution, and is the healthiest and most natural covering for the body.

"ELLANESS" is guaranteed UNSHRINKABLE

"Ellaness" is made in many styles, qualities, and sizes for every member of the family.

Any garment not proving satisfactory will be replaced

Ask to see it at all good stores, drapers, and outfitters, or write us for booklet and name of nearest Agent.

LYLE & SCOTT, LTD.
Hawick Scotland

"Luvisca" (REGISTERED)
SHIRTS, PYJAMAS and COLLARS.

Real Comfort Wear

Comfortable, Clean and Warm.

IN every detail of cut and finish "LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas and Collars reflect the exclusive properties of the fabric itself. While they are entirely new departures in Men's Wear, their economy has already made them popular, their distinction has won the favour of men of taste.

Ask your Outfitter or Stores to show you the newest patterns.

Insist on seeing the "LUVISCA" TAB in every garment.
None genuine without.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to COURTAULDS, Ltd (Dept 8 M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you name of your nearest retailer and an illustrated booklet.

The Escort Umbrella

The Sign of a good Umbrella

WHEN an umbrella carries the **"Escort"** Seal attached to the handle, you may know at once that it represents the very best in umbrella value. When you see that the umbrella you purchase bears this seal you will be certain of a very long service of usefulness.

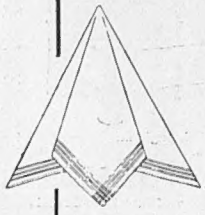
"Escort" Umbrellas are made to look and to wear well. The foundation is a Fox's frame, and a carefully selected stick. The cover is splendid storm-proof material, excellent alike for its appearance, quality and strength.

There is a wide variety of finely shaped handles, in well-seasoned canes and woods, to select from. Made from high-grade materials throughout, **"Escort" Umbrellas** are the best that skilful manufacture can produce. Ask your outfitter or retailer to show you a selection. Look for the red seal, and the name **"Escort"** written upon it. The range is wide, and the prices are reasonable.

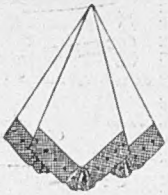
If unable to obtain, write Manufacturers, "Escort" Umbrellas, 8 & 9, Paddington Street, London, W. 1, for name of nearest retailer.

HANDKERCHIEFS
ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

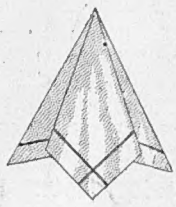
We have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Handkerchiefs and Sachets, suitable for Gifts.



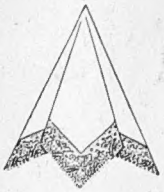
A 16. Pure Linen Handkerchief, Lined Border. Very narrow hem.
10/9 per doz.



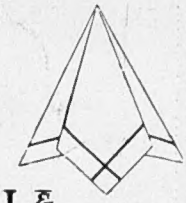
A 5. Fine Coloured Linen Handkerchief with hand attached white net edge which has hand embroidered Black Spots on the net. In a beautiful variety of colours also in all White with Black Spots on the net. Very dainty.
2/2 each.
25/- per doz.



A 20. Coloured Silk Handkerchief, in a good variety of colours and reliable washing dyes. Size about 18 x 18 inches. 1¼ inch hem.
2/11 each



A 25. Fine Linen Handkerchief, edged good reproduction of Mechlin Lace. Very dainty for evening use.
3/6 each.
41/6 per doz.



A 14. Pure Linen Handkerchief, Veined border.
1/1 each.
12/9 per doz.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

Sent on Approval.

Stylish Models in the finest quality Furs

"1922-23 FUR FASHIONS"—containing many new designs—post free on request.

Coatee of Grey Squirrel, beautiful clear skins, arranged with passementerie belt with hanging ornaments, lined with silver-grey satin. Length 36 ins. **£185**

An elegant Coat of finest quality Moleskin, trimmed with collar of Flying Squirrel, and lined throughout with rich mole satin to tone with colour of fur. Length 48 in. **£85**

Handsome 48 in. Cloak of rich dark Nutria with insertion of embroidery, of the same tone, with wide sleeves under cape. Lined with fawn satin. **£150**

A beautiful Ermine Wrap with large shawl collar made of pure white Russian skins, trimmed with fringe of tails and lined with soft white crêpe Mogador. **£185**

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

FULL GUARANTEE
All Furs at the International Fur Store are guaranteed to be correctly described.

163 & 165 REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1.

FURS ON APPROVAL
On receipt of particulars, goods will be sent on approbation to any address in Town or the Country.

"TRITEX"
SILK-STOCKINGS

With 15 years' reputation, and still the best. All colours Price reduced to 8/11. Agents—best shops in each town. There is none "just as good"; then insist on Tritex (in the yellow box).

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., ENGLAND,
47 & 48, Berners Street, W.1.

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The ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2
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The PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GORE'S, WATER STREET
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Also at MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, & SOUTHAMPTON

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

IN TWO QUALITIES—

SPORTSMAN'S (Dry), QUEEN'S (Sweet)

The combination of fine old Brandy and matured juice of the English Morella Cherry makes GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY unquestionably one of the most wholesome and delicious Liqueurs in the World.

It is essential that you should ask for GRANT'S and see that you obtain GRANT'S MORELLA. A good way to remember this is to memorise—

WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

From all leading wine merchants, Hotels, Restaurants, etc. *The Distillery Maidstone.*

Woman's Crowning Glory
A result of

TITTERTON'S
CELEBRATED
HAIR BRUSHES

They are made of the finest Russian Bristles. Unequalled for quality and workmanship.

Of all High-class Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers & Fancy Goods Shops.

Wholesale only:—TITTERTON & HOWARD Ltd., London, W. Makers of the **Athenæum Tooth Brush**—the most scientifically constructed brush yet invented for cleaning the teeth. Childs 1/6, Adults 2/-

Every Brush stamped TITTERTON LONDON

You'll smile every mile if you're walking on—

Phillips Rubbers

The Soles that last the time of three

Worn by Millions

'NORVIC'
A Man's Shoe
With the made to measure feel and fit

O'COAT 35/-; SUIT 45/-; LADY'S COSTUME 50/-

TURNED

and Re-Tailored "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.
Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.
WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill (Near "Times" Offices.) *'Phone: Central 1816.*
Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

Filter Cylinder

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Real HARRIS, LEWIS, and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS
Direct from the Makers.
The Aristocrat among Tweeds for Sporting Suits.
S. A. NEWALL & SONS (Dept. B), Stornoway, SCOTLAND.
Patterns on request stating Shade desired, and if for Lady or Gent.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

4s. 6d. a tin AT ALL CHEMISTS

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

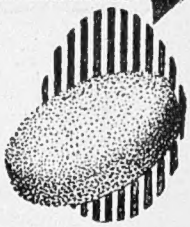
The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

Franco-British Exhibon 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge for

CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON



Sold by all Chemists & Druggists, 4/6 per box.
67, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S. E. 1.

First - the World Over

WIRE NETTING made by the British Wire Netting Manufacturers' Association goes into every corner of the world. In open markets it is dominant. It sells in markets that are closed. In all the markets of the world it is the competitor most feared. In few branches of manufacture is British supremacy more marked.

Years of experience have made British Wire Netting makers masters of their craft, and masters, therefore, of the world market. Strength, and the quality of their product, have earned them that position; strength and quality will maintain it.

In future, wire netting of B.W.N.M.A. (British Wire Netting Manufacturers' Association) quality will be sold only under its own mark, in black letters on a blue ground. The label bearing this mark will be found on every roll.

When buying wire netting it is worth making sure that you get B.W.N.M.A. Brand.

WHEN YOU BUY WIRE NETTING

There are many meshes and many gauges of B.W.N. Netting—make sure that you buy the mesh and gauge that will be the best for your purpose. Your Ironmonger should be able to advise you. If he cannot, write to the B.W.N.M.A., as under, when advice on wire netting will be gladly given.

British Wire Netting (B.W.N.M.A. Brand) is supplied in any mesh or gauge, in 50-yard rolls or shorter lengths, by all Ironmongers.

B·W·N M·A

British Wire Netting

THE BRITISH WIRE NETTING MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
123 Colmore Row, BIRMINGHAM

By Appointment.
ESTABLISHED 1766.

INEXPENSIVE LAMBSWOOL DRESSING GOWN.

This is an ideal Gown for Autumn and Winter wear, the Lambswool having a woven stockinette back, and being very warm and cosy. It is effectively trimmed with self-colour Silk and smartly cut on easy fitting lines. We confidently recommend the materials and finish.

Colours :—Pink, Sky, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Cherry, Purple.

29/11

DAINTY BOUDOIR CAP of Pink Silk Crêpe de Chine trimmed with Lace, coloured Silk flowers, and Sky Moire Bow.

12/11

We Pay Carriage on all orders in the British Isles.

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD
175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.

BC 114

THE GRAPHIC

NOVEMBER 18

This week's issue will contain, among other attractive features :

PEOPLE I KNOW:
JACOB EPSTEIN, The Sculptor
BY HANNEN SWAFFER

THE TRUE STORY OF TANNENBERG BATTLE
Told for the first time by "Graphic" Commissioners

THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL
Striking Bird's-eye Drawing of Famous Institution

MR. JOHN BUCHAN AT HIS OXFORD HOME

1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

WHAT!

The Life-Boats in a paper devoted to **Pleasure and Sport!**

Why Not?

Could there be

A FINER SPORT in the WORLD than to face all the dangers of stormy seas for the sake of men's lives?

What men show more conspicuously than the Life-Boatmen those qualities which

ALL SPORTSMEN ADMIRE,

Prompt and cheerful courage, quickness of decision, refusal to admit defeat?

Will YOU help to provide these brave men with the best Life-Boats that science can devise and money can buy?

The Life-Boat Service receives **not one penny** from the State, but

IF YOU

and 249,999 other patriotic men and women will give

ONLY ONE GUINEA

a year it will be enough to maintain the Service round our **5,000 miles of coast.**

You can help also by coming to the

BALL in aid of the LIFE-BOATS

which will be held at

THE HYDE PARK HOTEL

on Wednesday, November 29th, at 9.30 p.m.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven
will receive the guests.

Tickets **30/- (£7 10 0 for a block of six),** including supper and tax, can be obtained from

CAPTAIN THE HON. RALPH MANSFIELD, O.B.E.,
Organising Secretary for Greater London,
22, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2.

LORD HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* GEORGE F. SHEE M.A., *Secretary.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Irish Linen Handkerchiefs

that are dainty, distinctive and different. Beautiful well-woven linen handkerchiefs made by a firm who have been famous during the past 50 years for weaving of fine linen.

Write to-day for Handkerchief List No. 44T. sent post free.

No. A.4. Ladies' pure linen handkerchiefs, embroidered corner, assorted designs in each dozen, size about 12 inches. Per dozen **8/9**

No. K.40. Ladies' fine linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered two-letter monogram, size about 12 inches. Per dozen **15/9**

No. S.50. Ladies' fine linen spoke stitched handkerchiefs, about 11 inches. Per dozen **11/9**

No. K.808. Ladies' pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, embroidered initial, size about 12 inches, narrow hem. Per dozen **16/3**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
Linen Manufacturers. Belfast, Northern Ireland.

BURBERRY
WINTER SPORTS DRESS

From the origination of these sports, Burberrys, in consultation with Ski-ing, Tobogganing and Skating experts, have been constantly designing and improving dress for the specific purpose of providing healthful security and comfort on snow-clad fields.

BURBERRY MODELS

are thoroughly practical in design and detail. They allow unrestricted freedom to limb and muscle, and are purposeful as well as distinctive in appearance.

BURBERRY WINTER SPORTS MATERIALS

keep out cold winds, wet and snow. They maintain bodily warmth, yet allow perfect, natural ventilation; are light in weight, yet exceedingly strong in texture, **and are finished with smooth surfaces on which snow cannot cling.**

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free

Burberrys respectfully invite readers of the "Bystander" and their friends to a

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF WINTER SPORTS DRESS

for Men, Women and Children, which they are holding

DAILY

from NOV. 20th to 24th.

Mannequin Parades 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. each day.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Agents

Burberrys Ltd.

FUR-TRIMMED WINTER COATS AT SPECIAL PRICES

WELL-CUT BELTLESS STREET COAT in fine quality Velour cloth. Cut on simple lines with large wrap collar and deep cuffs of selected fur, lined silk throughout. In Navy, Black, and a few good colours.

PRICE

8½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Practical Gifts

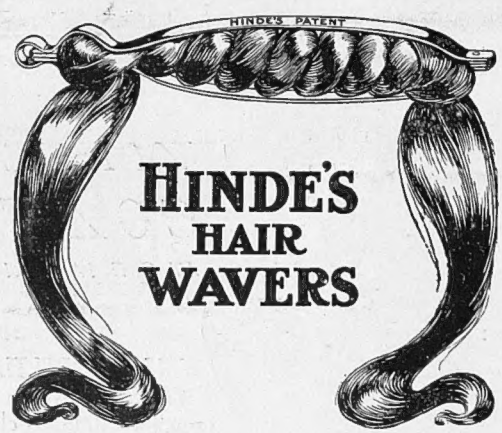
Give sensible and practical gifts this Christmas. A visit to Harrods will yield many valuable suggestions to aid you in your Christmas buying. Come early and shop in comfort.

HEADDRESS (AF 199), of Jet, stitched on White Paste. Very effective design, **29/6**

TURBAN HEADDRESS (AF 197, *illustrated on right*), of Chiffon Velvet and Tissue. Ideal for theatre wear. In Black and Gold or Oxydised, two shades of Fuchsia, Purple and Mauve, Gold and Flame, Turquoise and Gold, Royal and Gold or Silver. **49/6**

HARRODS

Harrods Ltd London SW1



"Nature alone won't wave the Hair,
Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."

Hinde's Hair Wavers in different patterns are obtainable at all Stores, Hairdressers and Drapery Houses. Crude imitations which are hurtful to the hair may be sometimes offered. It is necessary to see that the name "Hinde's" is on each article.

Hinde's Limited, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes and articles for the Dressing Table, 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C., and Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO-TONE FOR GREY HAIR.

TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores, **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8**d.

Geo. R. Sims Co., 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

LADIES' DEPENDABLE HOSE

New illustrated booklet of Milanese and Woven Underwear post free on request.

Heavy Quality Pure Silk Hose, *lisle feet and garter tops, English make. In Black, White, Cream, Fawn, Putty, Coating, Silver, Grey, Tan, Nigger, Gold, Pink, and a large range of shades for evening wear.*

9/11 per pair

Mercerised Lisle Hose, *spliced feet, of very silky appearance and most durable in wear. In Black, White, Putty, Fawn, Coating, Grey, Silver, Tan, Brown, and Nigger.*

5/6 per pair

Wide Ribbed Spun Silk Hose *(as sketch), fully fashioned. Suitable for town or country wear, thoroughly recommended for wear. In Black, White, Nigger, Mole, Putty, Brown, Fawn, Beige, Light or Dark Grey.*

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Smart short Coat for all occasions in warm curl cloth, adaptable collar which may be fastened closely at neck if desired. Novelty girdle and new open sleeve. Lined silk throughout. In Black. Price **4 Gns.**
In Nigger and Grey. Price **5 Gns.**

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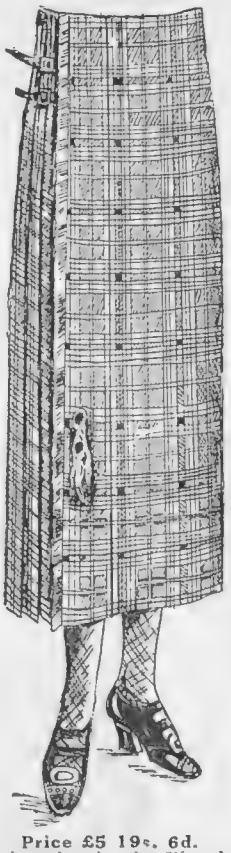

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The Bystander, November 15, 1922 No. 989. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

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COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
M. SILVAIN (Doyen et Sociétaire de la Comédie Française) et Mme. LOUISE SILVAIN & CO. in Two Acts from Molière's Comedy "LE TARTUFFE," & ALL STAR VARIETY CO.

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DALY'S. (Ger. 201)
Evenings at 8.15 Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Winnie Collins, Blanche Tomlin.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Friday, November 17 at 8. Marie Löhr will present
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Godfrey Tearle, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

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Billy Merson, Derek Oldham, Tom Walls, Winnie Melville, Mai Bacon.

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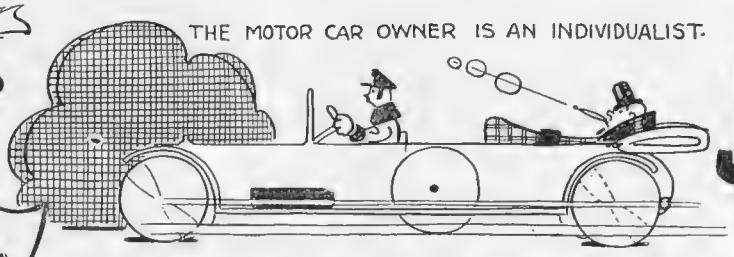
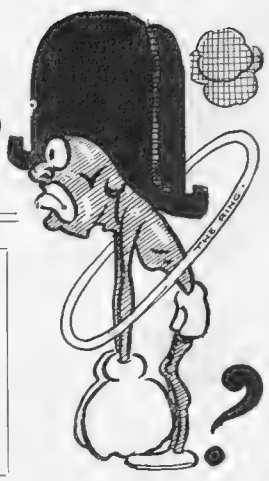


BYSTANDER COMMENTS



WILL THE BLACK MAN MEET HIS WATERLOO?

Honest Doubt

There is more faith in honest doubt
(As Tennyson has pointed out)
Than in those nasty creeds.

THERE have been few clear clarion calls in this electoral tourney. Penny squeakers have abounded in plenty, but the trumpet has been conspicuous by its absence. Lots of honest doubt, in fact, but very few creeds to speak of. The above lines of Gilbert Chesterton's fit the situation so nicely that I have borrowed them for the occasion—partly because they are so good and partly because they will save me from writing others not so good.

A Mighty Crusader

THERE is no honest doubt about G. K. C. There's a foeman for you, worthy of any man's steel! I always picture him in the first shock of the battle, seated on a great white horse and swinging a great double-headed axe—one side for his friends and the other for his foes. And though I might get it in the neck myself, I would still love to see those giant blades flashing in the sunlight, while the mighty Crusader stood in his stirrups, bellowing awful imprecations that had no sort of honest doubt about them whatsoever. Suppose the issue to be Prohibition. Would Mr. Chesterton enter the lists as a sort of Doubting Thomas? He would not. He would shout:

Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast,
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown,
And may very well be grateful
To the fool that takes him down.

The Chesterton Spirit

WE want more of the Chesterton spirit in our politics. This election has proved what compromise can do for a nation. After a period of Coalition, we find ourselves with no ideals and no beliefs. We have forgotten how to feel strongly about anything. De we stride into the lists and cleave our enemy to the marrow-bone with a two-edged sword? We do not. We creep up behind him and squirt ink on his collar. And when he turns round, we either apologise or we run away. We are so busy trimming our sails that we forget to lift the anchor. Come, let us sort ourselves out and regain our old ideals and our lost beliefs.

Let Us Hate

HATE—real honest hate—is the most misunderstood of all the virtues. Some people don't look upon it as a virtue at all. What nonsense! When we were children we were told that we should not "enter on our lists of friends" the man who "needlessly set foot upon a worm." Can you wonder if we have scrapped such a filleted and futile code? How much better to hit the bad man on the nose and hit him hard. A good, healthy hate is like a keen, cold wind blowing through the stuffy and fuggy places of the soul. It rushes down like a torrent, sweeping with it all the little jealousies and petty annoyances that might otherwise take root and grow into big sins. That "so bracing" feeling is nothing to the sprightliness of the soul when it comes to the end of a perfect hate.

A Comic Creed

HATE, hate, why shouldn't we hate? Yes, but whom? I'll tell you who I am going to hate so far as this present election is concerned. I am going to hate the gentleman who thinks that what is mine is his. I don't care what fine, political label he sticks on his comic creed. To my simple, unsophisticated mind, the man who wants to steal

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

my savings is a thief, and I shall give him a long run for my money. The fact that I haven't got any money doesn't affect the question. Every individualist is a potential capitalist. One of these fine days I shall pick up a sixpenny-bit—and I mean to keep it!

Our Grand Old Men

WE are always trying to persuade ourselves that we have no Grand Old Men left. Every time a more or less famous octogenarian dies, we say, "Ah, well, there goes the last of them!" Because, you see, Grand Old Men are like the rest of us in this—they may be old in this world, but they are never really grand until they are tucked away safely in the next. Under these circumstances, I hold out the hand of welcome to Mr. Whimsical Walker, a really Grand Old Man who has made us aware of his presence by writing a book.

Last of the Clowns

IT was my pleasure to meet the Whimsical One a year or so back. We ran across each other behind the scenes at Olympia during a Children's Pageant. I was introduced to Mrs. Whimsical Walker and Miss Whimsical Walker, and the happy family delighted me beyond words. The tales told me at that time by the last of the clowns, find a place in this new book of his, *From Sawdust to Windsor Castle*—surely the nearest thing to *From Log Cabin to White House* that our literature has yet given us. The hero of this stirring narrative was apprenticed to a circus in 1836, and fifty years later he appeared before Queen Victoria—a Grand Old Man if ever there was one.

The Poetry of General Elections

(*With apologies*)

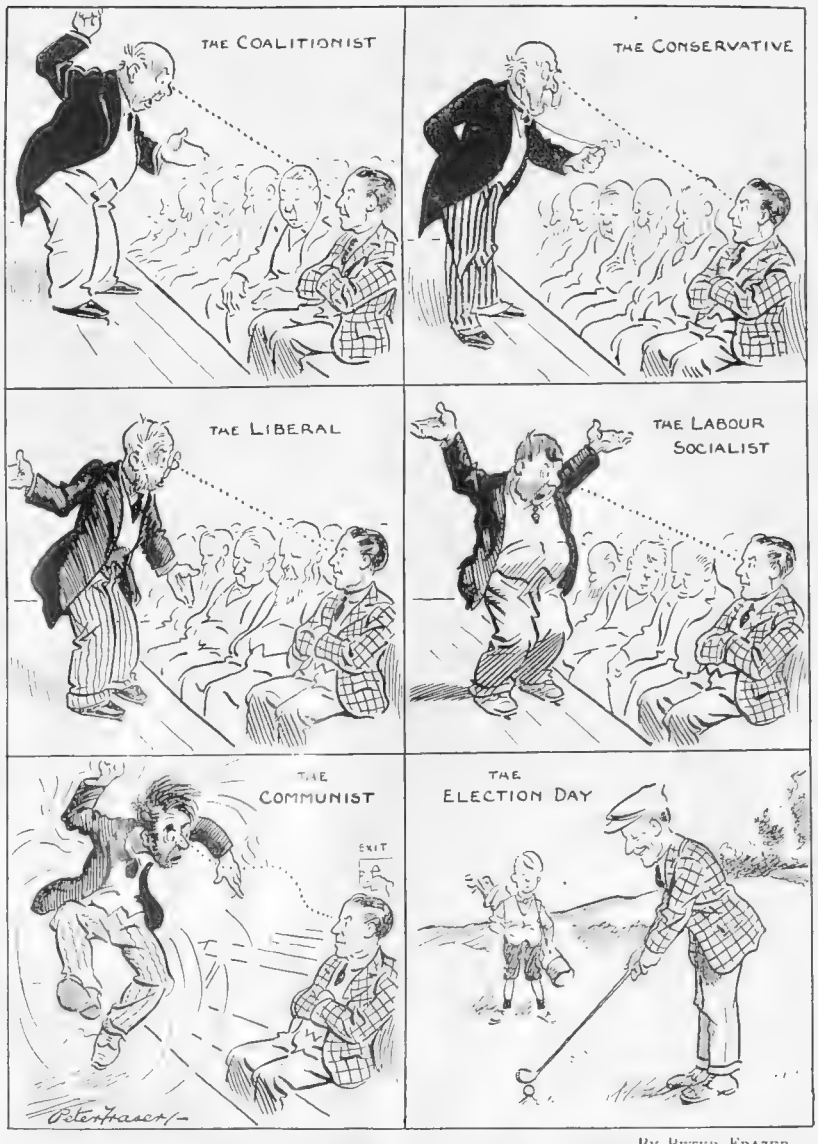
WHEN to the poll my Julia goes
Whom she will vote for no one knows,
This subject is "beneath the rose."

The waiting crowds make way for her,
And then—well, then there is a stir—
Her name's not on the register!

L. M. O.

In Praise of Highways

I HAVE never been able to understand why lovers of the country rail against the railway and the broad highway. True, they carry thousands of people into the country and flood certain districts with strange specimens of humanity, but they do more to preserve the character of rural England than all the archæological societies that exist. They act like a giant lightning conductor and attract the current of traffic which would otherwise spread itself in the by-ways and footpaths to the annoyance and inconvenience of the real nature lover. Therefore, I am all for the broadening and general improvement of the great trunk Roads and the more people that pass down them, the better I am pleased.



POLITICS AND THE PLAIN MAN By Peter Frazer

The Greedy Provinces

PROVINCIAL playgoers are having the time of their lives these days. There is scarcely a new play that they do not see before it is produced in the West End, and several of our leading stars are casting their glamour over the country. The other evening I adventured out to Hammersmith—ever heard of the place?—to see Iris Hoey in *Clothes and the Woman*, and the performance made me very angry indeed. I was angry because the performance was so good, and the lady herself was so brilliant that she had no right to be stumping the provinces when we are all wanting to see her in the West End. I don't grudge the provinces a good show now and again but they mustn't be greedy.

BOX AND "COCKS!"

BY SQUIRE

Next Week!

REGULAR readers of THE BYSTANDER are aware that each number is always better than the last. In matters of pictorial and literary excellence, our only interest in making a record is that we may break it the following week. Are we all agreed on that? Good! But next week's BYSTANDER marks an even bigger step forward than usual. It is a special Riviera Number, which is being written and illustrated on the spot. The Carlton Hotel at Cannes, home of the Peace Conference, was handed over to us, lock, stock, and barrel, and converted into an Editorial office. Even the proprietor has to knock on the door before he comes in. For this week only, the sea and sky are bluer than ever. It is all very wonderful—further particulars next week.

Lord Mayor's Day

HOW many of the thousands who line the streets of London each November 9 (asks a writer in *The Graphic*) have any idea of the enormous amount of work entailed in arranging the two great events of this historic day, namely, the Lord Mayor's Procession and the great banquet at the Guildhall? The work is done by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee, and this committee meets weekly from the beginning of October until November 9, and is concerned with the character and route of the procession, the *menu* and wines for the banquet, and the necessary staff and other arrangements which are essential for the proper carrying out of the manifold duties of the day, even to so small a detail as the Toast-master's sash.

Photographs *Bassano*

EARL WINTERTON
Under-Secretary of State for India

THE VISCOUNT CAVE
Succeeds Lord Birkenhead as Lord Chancellor

LORD SALISBURY
Who has been appointed Lord President of the Council

MAJOR J. W. HILLS
Financial Secretary to the Treasury

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Electioneering We Will Go

EVERY other bell one has rung in the last week with the hope of tea, buttered muffins, and confidences over the fire has met with "Not at home, sir. Mrs. ——— (or her ladyship) is electioneering." Then the hurriedly scrawled notes, and the hectic telephone messages one has had, putting over dinner and luncheon engagements! All have the same tenor.

"I'm frightfully sorry to put you off, but Johnnie ——— has wired for me. He's got an awful uphill fight in ———shire, and wants every woman he can lay his hands on to help. So I'm going to-day, and don't suppose I shall be back until after the election. It's all tremendously exciting, and I'm very bucked because Johnnie wants *me*."

Am I a cynic, but do you know it *is* odd. Every one of the women I know who has been summoned post-haste to country constituencies to support a struggling candidate has got a motor-car. And she has taken it with her!

Trousseau Getting

GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, who presented the King's Shield and Silver Badges to the 1st Cadet Company R.M.L.I. of Chatham, at the War Office last week, remains in London while his *fiancée*, Lady Joan Mulholland, is busy *trousseau* buying in Paris. Lady Joan is expected back again this week, however, and with her the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh, who accompanied her expeditions while in Paris. It is rumoured that Royalty of the very highest will attend the wedding of Princess Mary's former Lady-in-Waiting on the 27th inst., but whether the Princess herself will be well enough to go is not certain.

Although I have been asked to keep secrecy, the wedding will take place at a very popular church in London, where there will be ample room to accommodate the many friends of both bride and bridegroom.

Lady Joan is anxious to dispose

Photograph *Keystone*

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR

Mr. Alderman E. C. Moore, who last week took office in succession to Sir John Baddeley. He is the first accountant to obtain the chief magistracy of the City. During the War his eldest son was killed, another severely wounded twice, and yet another received the Military Cross

SOME MEMBERS OF

of the rather sombre house she has in Seymour Street, for after her marriage she will become the hostess of Lord Cavan's rural retreat in Roehampton, for he acquired not long ago the house where Lady Sibyl Grant used to write her poems.

A Modern Monte Christo

IN all the talk of the Near East crisis no name has been mentioned so frequently as that of Sir Basil Zaharoff. In some circles he has overshadowed Venizelos and the unlucky Tino, who for the second time has been sent upon his travels. But Sir Basil, although prodigiously rich, is very much a man of mystery, and you only need to be mysterious to have all sorts of powers and influences attributed to you, whether you possess them or not.

Most millionaires have their particular little *fantaisies*. Sir Basil's is an unusual one. In the centre of the table in the dining-room of his superb *appartement* in Paris is a long, narrow piece of plate-glass. Beneath this glass at luncheon and dinner there is an elaborate design, made of the petals of live flowers. These designs are the work of one man. He may choose any flowers he likes, from the most expensive orchid to a daisy, but no design may ever be repeated. Nor has he to regard the seasons in his choice of flowers — the only thing that matters is a fresh design in flower-petals pressed flat beneath the plate-glass for every meal. It sounds a harassing *métier* to be for ever making new designs from the torn-up petals of flowers, and what an eye the master must have to detect any repetition.

Photographs

CAPTAIN H. DOUGLAS KING, C.B.E., D.S.O.

Becomes a Lord of the Treasury

MR. W. C. BRIDGEMAN

Is Secretary of State for Home Affairs

SIR JOHN BAIRD

Who assumes the office of First Commissioner of Works

Bassano

THE RT. HON. L. C. M. S. AMERY

Who is now First Lord of the Admiralty

OUR NEW MINISTRY

Marble Halls

THE King paid his annual visit to Lord Iveagh at Elveden last week, a welcome break whilst all the world was a-canvassing and electioneering. Elveden has the best pheasant shooting in Norfolk, and that is saying a good deal.

Lord Iveagh, who is the head of the Guinness family, has only been an Earl since three years. He was created a baronet in 1885, and Baron Iveagh six years later. A Viscounty came in 1905, and the Earldom of Iveagh and the second Viscounty of Elveden the year after the Armistice. This is why so many people do not recognise his eldest son, the ardent Parliamentarian, known so long as the Hon. Rupert Guinness under his title of Lord Elveden.

Elveden was built when white marble was all the rage for the dwellings of the greatly rich. Unfortunately all the big hotels *de luxe* copied the idea, so we modern children of earth when we are invited to these marble palaces say, "It is just like a hotel." But if we said, "Hotels are just like this," it would sound exactly the same wouldn't it?

The late Lord Wemyss, that wonderful old man who founded the old Volunteers and lived to be ninety-six —he died in the year of the War— did precisely the same thing when he re-built Gosford House in Haddingtonshire. There he made a prodigious entrance hall of alabaster and white marble. It would have been cool and pleasant in India, but in Scotland it gave the effect of perpetual cold storage.

Lord Wemyss, who by the by founded the Elcho Shield, which is still shot for at Bisley, when he was Lord Elcho and still the heir to the Earldom, had a pretty wit. In a niche at the top of the marble staircase leading from the marble and alabaster hall stood a group of three nude statues of the Graces. One day he was showing his completed labours at Gosford to a lady of the Baird family, a lady who had determined views and prejudices on the nude in any form—art or otherwise.

She regarded the Three Graces in their niche with a bristling disapproval.

"Don't you think Lord Wemyss," she said, "it would be better to have these"—a comprehensive wave of the hand conveyed all the lady meant

Photo Sport and Gen.

A WINNING AIREDALE

Mrs. F. Booker with her husband's winning Airedale "Sweet Mercury," at the Metropolitan and Essex Dog Show at the People's Palace

Photograph Alfieri

AT THE METROPOLITAN AND ESSEX DOG SHOW

Great Danes with their mistress, Miss Mansell, at the Canine Society's Show at the People's Palace last week

Photograph Bassano

PRINCESS CATHERINE GALITZINE

The daughter of the late Prince Paul and Princess Alexandra Galitzine, whose marriage to Captain James Haldane Adair Campbell, son of Major and Mrs. James Adair Campbell, of Tullichewan Castle, Loch Lomondside, Scotland, took place last Sunday, November 12th, at St. Philip's Church, Buckingham Palace Road. The Princess, who was a Lady-in-Waiting to the late Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia an aunt of the ill-fated Tsar, left Russia during the Revolution.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

JUST BACK FROM EAST AFRICA

Miss Marion Jerrard, who is once more in England after a long trip in British East Africa, where she had some exciting big-game shooting. She is the daughter of Mr. Frank Bacon, the Hampshire cricketer

as to their nudity—"in some less prominent place?"

"Bless my soul, what's the matter with them? They're only the ladies bared."

Look back a few lines and see the name of the objecting lady. Then you will see the point of the little story.

Family Relations

THE present Lord Wemyss was fifty-seven when he succeeded to the double Earldom of Wemyss and March, for the Earls of Wemyss, like the Dukes of Richmond, are likewise Earls of March—in the Richmond family it is the title of the eldest son. He married a sister of the late George Wyndham, and so is brother-in-law to Viscountess Grey of Falloden, better known as Lady Glenconner, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Asquith.

Unusual

HIS elder boy, Lord Elcho, who was killed in the War, married a sister of Lady Diana Cooper and Lady Anglesey. His younger son, the Hon. Guy Charteris, married a niece of the late Lord Glenconner. Mrs. Guy Charteris's younger sister married Lord Granby, Lady Elcho's brother, so her husband is in the unusual position of possessing a brother-in-law and a sister-in-law who are brother and sister.

The Queen's Needlework Guild

WHILST the King was at Elveden the Queen was busily employed at the Imperial Institute unpacking the year's labours of her Needlework Guild. It is not a task of amiable supervision. Her Majesty works as hard, if not harder, than the ladies who year after year volunteer to help her.

Her dress covered with a white apron, and armed with a large pair of scissors, the Queen takes her share of the mass of parcels, cuts the strings, unpacks the contents, checks them by the lists, then sorts out the many articles of clothing on to their proper piles.

From start to finish the unpacking and sorting is personally supervised by the Queen. She and her helpers work solidly for hours, with a short break for a cold luncheon, to which everybody sits down in their aprons. The final sorting is decided by the Queen. Her Majesty picks out all the best articles, chiefly children's clothing, and these are sent to the wives of poor clergy. The rest are divided by the Queen's direction for hospitals and other charitable institutions.

Photograph *Speaight*

THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR CARMARTHEN'S WIFE

The Hon. Mrs. George Coventry, whose husband has been fighting a four-sided battle in Wales. Before her marriage last year to the Earl of Coventry's second son, she was Miss Nesta Donne Phillips, the elder daughter of Sir Owen and Lady Phillips

Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was started by her mother, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, I don't know how many years ago. When her mother died the Queen took her place, and after her accession to the Throne it was given the name it now bears.

Year in, year out, all over the country, there are ladies who knit and sew for the Queen's Guild. Each undertakes to send so many garments, socks, or whatever they choose every November. The membership never lessens, and each year the Queen's task in unpacking and sorting becomes a little heavier. Her Majesty's own contribution far overtops that of any other member. She knits for the Guild

(*Continued on page 432*)

Photograph *Harris*

MISS CAVENDISH BENTINCK MARRIED

Mr. Reginald Harvey Hoare, First Secretary to the British Legation, Warsaw, and youngest son of the late Mr. Charles Hoare, of Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, with his bride, Miss Joan Cavendish Bentinck, after their marriage at St. James's, Piccadilly. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, of 78, Harley Street. The Bishop of Kingston-on-Thames, himself a recent bridegroom, officiated

Portraits of New Ministers' Wives

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

MRS. AMERY, THE WIFE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

Photographs

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON—HER HUSBAND REMAINS IN OFFICE

Bassano

LADY LLOYD-GREAME, THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

The Duchess of Devonshire and Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston have had long experience of entertaining both Royal and political lions, et cetera, as also have Lady Lloyd-Greame and Mrs. Amery—whom the First Lord married in 1910—and who is a sister of Sir Hamar Greenwood. The return of the "Peerage" into the Cabinet may perhaps revive those brilliant political parties and functions of the before-war years

ceaselessly throughout the year. In fact, I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that the Queen knits more in twelve months than any of her subjects. At Buckingham Palace, York Cottage, Windsor and Balmoral, whenever the Court is in residence, there are pieces of knitting lying in all the private rooms, so that wherever she may be the Queen can knit whilst she reads or talks.

The King either makes a contribution of money or clothing to the Guild. The Princes generally send boots.

Photograph *I. B.*

WITH THE QUORN AT KIRBY GATE

Sir Gerald and Lady Hanson at the Quorn's opening meet at famous Kirby Gate. The Duke of York, accompanied by his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond, of Pitsford Hall, joined the field at Gartree Hall. There was, as usual, a large attendance. The pack is this season being hunted by Mr. W. E. Paget and Major A. E. Burnaby

Photograph] THE SOUTH DORSET'S TRIBU

On the opening meet of the South Dorset at Stinsford House members of the Hunt to Mr. J. Ashton Radcliffe, who is retiri Dorchester, belongs to the Secretary, Colonel Woodall. Since 19 hunting the pack in partnersh

Happy News

THE Georgian Bystander—the eighteenth century Georgian *soit entendu* — a fine figure in powdered wig, *jabot*, and ruffles of Mechlin lace, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and coat and breeches of mulberry velvet ornamented in silver, had a particular phraseology for announcing impending "happy events" in the Royal family. He would say, "We have the felicity to announce that a visit from the stork is expected in a family allied by the closest ties of blood to our gracious Sovereigns."

As a twentieth century Georgian Bystander I can't do better than quote the Bystander in mulberry velvet, adding that the visit of the stork is expected in February.

Photograph *Alfieri*

MR. STURGES AND LADY VICTORIA VILLIERS WITH THE GARTH AT STANLAKE PARK

Photograph *Central News*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LUDLOW AT THE HERTFORDSHIRE'S FIRST MEET

Photograph *Central News*

LADY NEVILL AND LORD HENRY NEVILL, MASTER OF THE ERIDGE, AT ERIDGE CASTLE

We tender our very sincere sympathy to the Countess Ludlow on the sad and tragic death of her husband, Lord Ludlow, caused by a serious spill whilst returning at dusk to his seat, Luton Hoo, after the day's hunting. His horse encountered unexpected wire and fell, rolling on him and breaking two ribs and causing concussion. He was Master of the Hertfordshire pack

TO THEIR MASTER [*Sport and General*

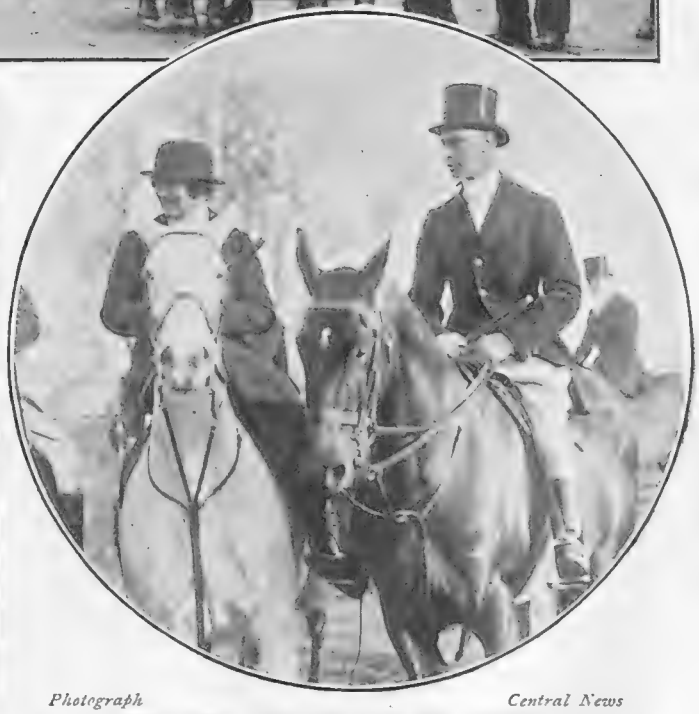
presentation painting by Cecil Aldin was given by after 28 years of Mastership. Stinsford House, heavy expenses necessitated Mr. Ashton Radcliffe with Major Gordon

Photograph *Central News*

Photograph *Photo. Illus.*

THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN, HER SON AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTER

At Lord Henry Nevill's (the Master) seat, Eridge Castle, where the first meet of his pack was held. Lady Irene Pratt seems to have taken a "film record" of events



Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS HOSTESS

His Royal Highness stayed several days with Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond at Pitsford Hall, but stormy weather stopped anything like good sport at the opening meet, and, although they had a few smart runs, the foxes they laid on to were too wily for them

Photograph *Central News*

THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE

And Lord Glenarthur at the Eglinton's first turn-out this season at Fullerton House, Troon, Ayrshire. The Marchioness is herself running the pack this season

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE FIRST MEET OF THE BERKS AND BUCKS STAGHOUNDS

At Brick Bridge, near Taplow, the Berks and Bucks had a good though sticky day for their first appearance. Second from left: Major E. W. Shackle, Master; fourth (wearing cap), Mr. W. H. Eldridge, Whip; next him (also "capped") Mr. Charles Hoare, Huntsman; Mr. Walter J. Fryer, the indefatigable Secretary, is on the right (top hat) next to Miss Hilda Davey

Finished With

BY WILMOT LUNT

ELECTION AGENT: "All right — drive on Bill, he's voted!"

Politics and Poppies

By Blanchette

"That dear ground of France and Flanders"

Illustrated by HELEN McK.E

LONDON, *November* 13

DEAR COUSIN—

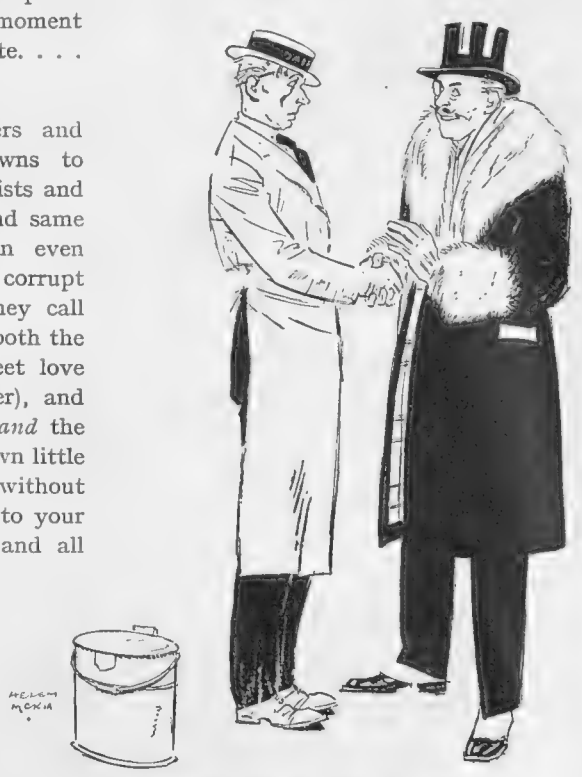
BUSY, bustling days, these election ones, aren't they? And for them that actually do mix and mingle in politics, and venture right into the very forefront of the fray, almost *too* strenuous to be borne, or, anyway, for any long time—what? Really rather good thing it'll be all over and done with soon—till next time.

ALL the millions and millions of things you have to keep thinking of all the time, f'rinstance, when you're being a candidate, or even merely electioneering. To remember to kiss all the babies and shake hands with the wavering butcher and the doubtful milkman, who abs'lutely *won't* make up his mind till the very last moment which way he's going to vote. . . .

TO pay out your fivers and guineas and half-crowns to all the right subscription lists and good causes and things, and same time avoid getting within even speaking distance of "corrupt practices," or whatever they call it. . . . To try and make both the publicans and the Pussyfeet love you as a brother (or sister), and rope in the working man *and* the Gilded Rich all into your own little net or fold. . . . And all without doing any sort of damage to your conscience and principles and all that kind of thing, either!

SOME job! And a pretty prosaic one at that, often, come to think of it. I mean, lots and lots of tiny little channels and alleys to be explored, so's to really thoroughly do your duty as a candidate, and all manner of—well, rather dull and ordinary things to be done. Kind of what you might call super-diplomatic sort, too, some of them, that you'd hardly dream ever existed, if there wasn't an election on. . . .

AND only four years ago or thereabouts—think of it!—there was a war on instead. Just a little over four years back by the clock, and we were still talking about (and, the ones who mattered, fighting or working for) great big simple ideas and ideals, rights against wrongs, the claims of justice against the demands of Prussia,



"Shaking hands with the doubtful milkman"

freedom, honour, glory, a clean and intrigue-less world!

ONLY four years ago—and then it all suddenly and unexpectedly stopped. It stopped, thanks be . . . etcet. And yet——Oh, well, it doesn't matter really, I suppose, but if only . . .

FOUR years ago. Four years ago we weren't thinking very much about politics, were we? We knew, of course, vaguely, that there *were* people—whom dear Sir Henry Wilson, now lying in St. Paul's, used to call "the frocks"—who ran us all and guided our destinies and generally managed things from their (alleged) armchairs in Whitehall. But we didn't think *very* much about them, really.

THOUGH in our heart of hearts the Army (and there *was* an Army then, wasn't there?) was sort of doing it all. Silly of us, wasn't it? 'Cos, of course, armies don't really run things—they only just fight and give their lives.

COULDN'T possibly do *without* our politicians, of course, could we? Always up to the mark, always ready with the right phrase, always good Imperialists or social reformers and what not—'cording to what's required and expected of 'em, that is. Most useful and accommodating

POLITICS AND POPPIES (*concluded*)

people in the whole wide, wide world, really, in fact.

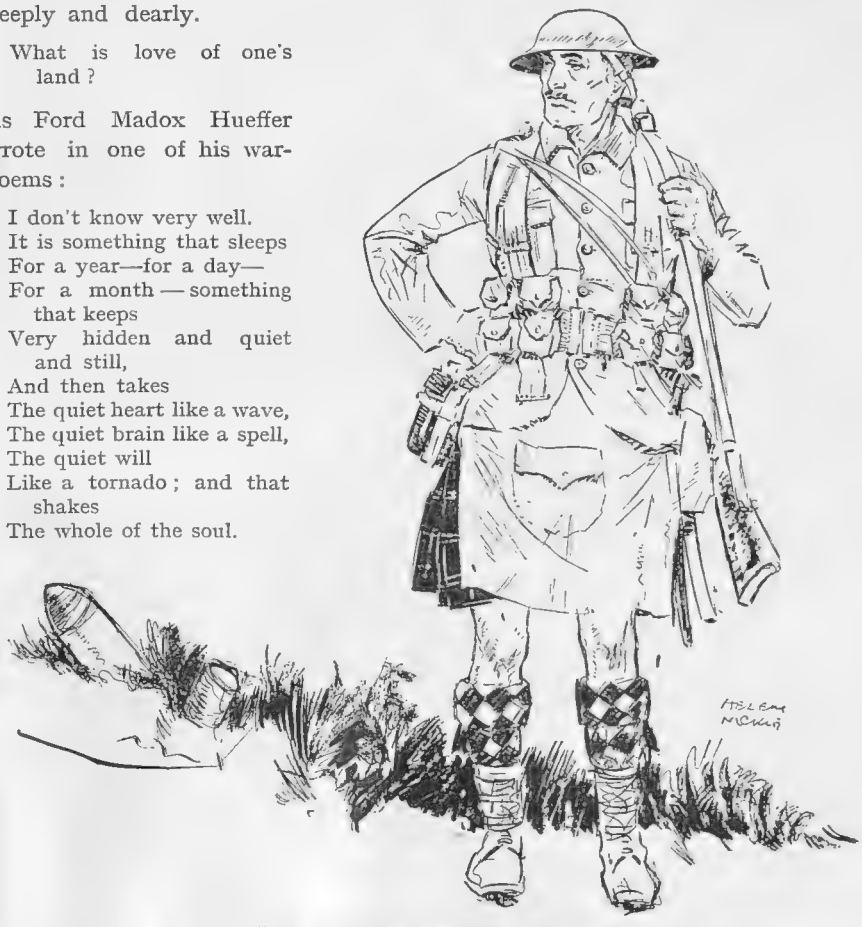
卐

But to just a few of us, somehow, soldiers (rather unpopular word, these days) have even now still *their* own charm and attraction and special fascination. Partly, I s'pose, 'cos of memories—memories of the days when they meant everything, when they seemed the only people that mattered. The only people who could save for us that country which, quite suddenly, we discovered we loved so deeply and dearly.

> What is love of one's land?

As Ford Madox Hueffer wrote in one of his war-poems:

> I don't know very well.
> It is something that sleeps
> For a year—for a day—
> For a month — something that keeps
> Very hidden and quiet and still,
> And then takes
> The quiet heart like a wave,
> The quiet brain like a spell,
> The quiet will
> Like a tornado; and that shakes
> The whole of the soul.



"They poured their spirits out in pride"

The politicians are all patriotic, too, of course, but wouldn't have *been* a country to be patriotic in or about at all—would there?—if in those old days when politics didn't so much matter, the soldiers hadn't gone and seen about it.

> They poured their spirits out in pride,
> They throbbed away the price of years:
> Now that dear ground is glorified
> With dreams, with tears.

卐

That dear ground of France and Flanders, where now at last they're properly arranging for those who were left behind to make pilgrimages, after these four years, to the graves of their dear dead:

> In Flanders fields the poppies blow
> Between the crosses, row on row,
> That mark our place . . .

as the poet makes them sing in the famous verses that inspired the idea of Poppy Day last Saturday, when the Armistice anniversary happened.

卐

Poppies—that used to mean forgetfulness once, but now remembrance. And—

> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
> In Flanders fields.

Have we "kept faith"? And did this fourth Armistice Day really find us well started in with the New World they fought for, and everything in order, and pulsing with high endeavour, and so on?

卐

Well, well, mustn't get too frightfully serious about things, must we? Must be the fault, really, of all this politics and election business, which does, somehow, seem to make people take themselves terribly seriously—have you noticed it? Casts a kind of thoughtful gloom over even the most frivolous and light-hearted. And no wonder, p'raps, when you're liable at any moment to be plunged, even at the very breakfast table, into all sorts of arguments about facts and statistics and things.

卐

Simply heaps of nice cheerful things happening, too, just now, now the winter season's really properly begun. Going to be a great Ypres Ball, by the way, on the 30th at the Albert Hall, where the big-dance-time started off so successfully last week with Victory Ball No. 5, and all sorts of galaxies of bright and brilliant people at it, 'cluding the Talmadge Sisters, of the movies, and the Hundred Most Beautiful Girls in England, not to mention a Royalty or two.

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And there's still more *cabaret* shows—Rector's is the very latest—and this Thursday as ever is will be the Variety Ball at Covent Garden, with all the stage stars shining and some from the stalls to keep 'em company. Quite half a dozen *premières* this week, by the way; 'mong them that much-censored *Cenci* of Shelley's, which has had to wait all these years for its first performance. No wonder our own poets are going to flock to the New Theatre to-day for the occasion positively *en masse!*

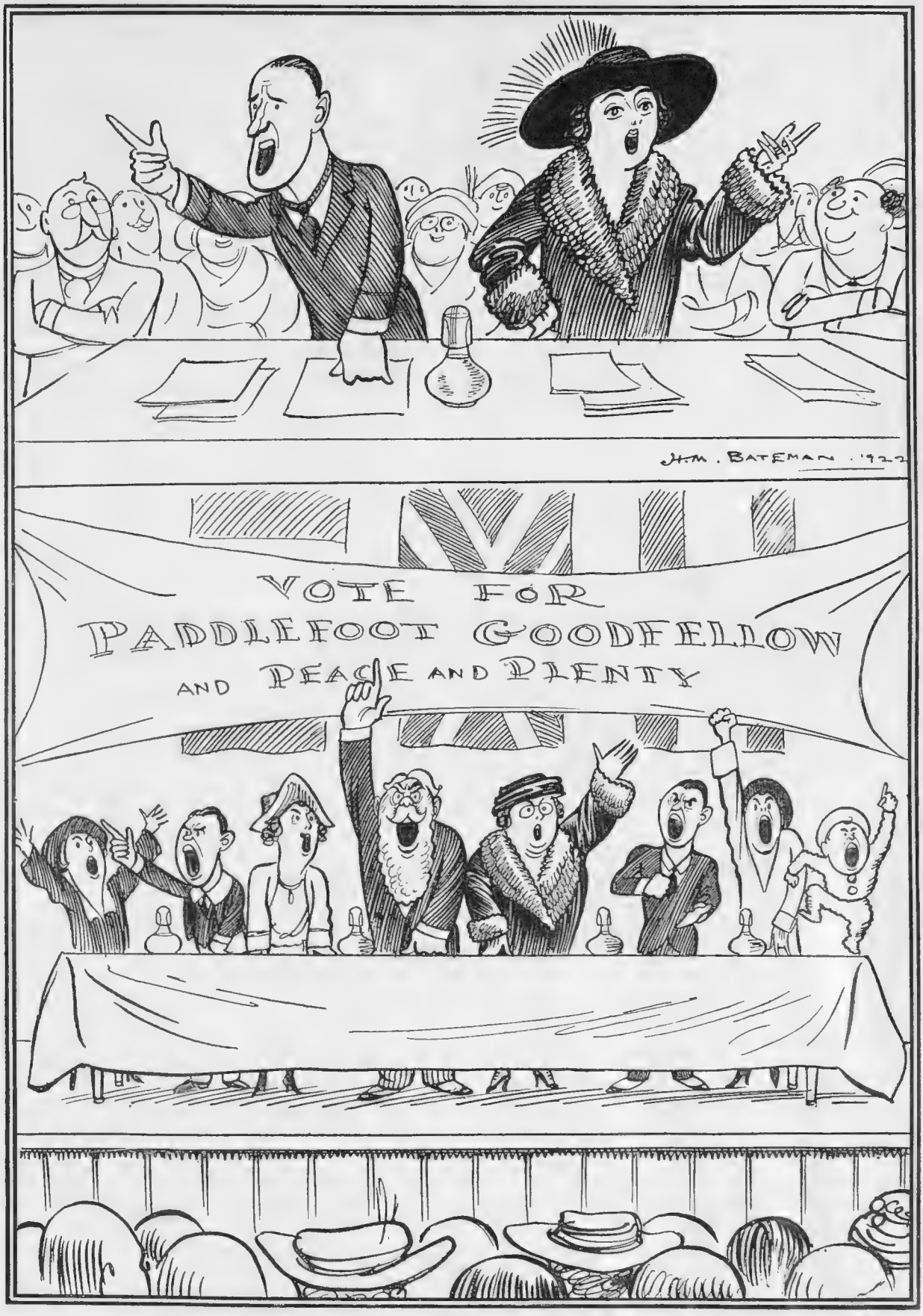
卐

Lots of other nice things, too, going on here in London now—if you *are* to be in London, that is. Already some of us have flown to the Sunny South, and the Riviera season, *on dit*, is starting earlier than ever before. Don't altogether wonder, either, what with elections *and* frosts!

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

A Very Family-ar Affair



BY H. M. BATEMAN

A certain Parliamentary Candidate recently married one of his chief helpers, and, on the next day, both spoke at the same meeting. It is possible this combined or family method of addressing constituents may develop on the lines indicated

ASPIRANTS FOR BLUES.

By "PENDARVES"

It is easy enough to live down to a bad reputation (said he, speaking with authority), but it is by no means so simple to live up to a good one. The troubles of an aspirant for a Rugger Blue at the 'Varsity begin as soon as he is duly registered in his College as a Freshman. We will assume that he has come up from a Rugby-playing school. He has been in the XV. Possibly he has captained it. Certainly he has been a superman among his fellows, and fags have glanced at him, as at a prince of the blood royal, as he has swung across the Quads.

His reputation as a speedy stand-off half has preceded him to the 'Varsity, heaven knows how. Wherefore, almost before he has had time to settle down and study the grim personality of his Scout, or to hit upon a better excuse than the other men on his floor for evading morning chapel, he receives a visitation from a suave gentleman, wearing the 'Varsity blazer, who suggests that he might turn out to-morrow for the College side. On enquiry he ascertains that this polite but distant personage is none other than last year's captain of the 'Varsity XV, who played, if you please, for Scotland as a Freshman before he had even got a Blue! And our Fresher's soul is filled with a grave foreboding and a tremulousness.

However, the College side is a poor one, and so are the opposition. And he scores three tries without much effort. This goes all over the University the same evening. And from this point his troubles really begin. It is inconceivable to him that he has got what, in his parlance, would be termed "a dog's earthly" for selection among fifteen men out of about three thousand, and he has not filled his mind with wild imaginings on any such chimera. Indeed, he has never given the fantastic possibility a serious thought. Until, in the fullness of time, the Freshers' Match arrives and he finds himself down to play. Still, everybody who is anybody plays in the Freshers' Match, and there is nothing in that. But heavy-coated and mufflered gentlemen are searching the sides for talent; and as our Fresher picks himself up from a heavy tackle on the touch-line, he hears his own name mentioned, and the voice adds, "Dam fine half *I* think he is; mark him down, Andrew."

His reputation spreads. The 'Varsity has not had a decent stand-off half for years, and men who have formerly given him a curt nod in the shops in the High now come up and pass the time of day amiably. Things are moving. They move very swiftly towards the Seniors' Match, and again our friend finds himself picked to play.

But he is one of those unfortunate people who have off-days. The Seniors' Match is one of his worst. Nothing goes right. His opposing half on the other side (a pig of a man) is just a fraction of a second too quick for him every time. He knows he has never played worse. Well, that's that. It is something, anyhow, to play in the Seniors' Match. He is finished, of course, as far as anything else is concerned. Good job, too. Now he can settle down to quiet College games, as their star turn. Much pleasanter. Less nerve-racking. A good egg.

He has not, of course, played nearly so badly as he thought. The suave gentleman who invaded him in College has followed him closely from among the spectators, and knows that the best men have off-days. And to his amazement and alarm he is picked for his University against a first-class London team. This is horrible. It is also rather glorious. Especially when the suave personage button-holes him afterwards and says, "Keep that up, my son, and we shall see—what we shall see."

He plays a sound game against the London team, and he knows it, and a vast concourse of people clap from the gargantuan stands. Moreover, the week-end in Town is rather jolly. What is even stranger, and more exhilarating, is the fact that his father, for the first time, begins to take an interest in his football, comes to see him play, and sends him by no means empty away afterwards.

From that point the matter of a Blue, which is now vizualised as within the realms of possibility, becomes the daily and nightly obsession of his life. He trains as he has never trained before.

And every week, as physical fitness increases and nerves become more taut and jumpy, the ever-present torture is that he will be "dropped." Bound to be. But the gloom of November passes into the sunshine of December. The 'Varsity side is definitely chosen, unalterably, unless by the act of God or an earthquake, and he is among the elect.

He is a Blue, or will be in a few hours' time. But, oh, those last hours! Once the game actually starts he is safe. And when it does (as all games do eventually) the bonds of anxiety are loosened, disappear. It becomes merely a school cup-tie, then, a final; only more so.

He has never played better in his life. Don't the evening papers say so? Wasn't that dropped goal in the last five minutes a peach?

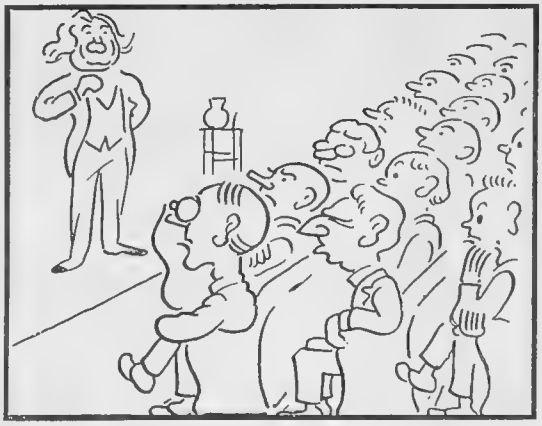
We will now eat, drink, and be merry. Especially the latter. For to-morrow we live—as a Blue.

A Propergander Page

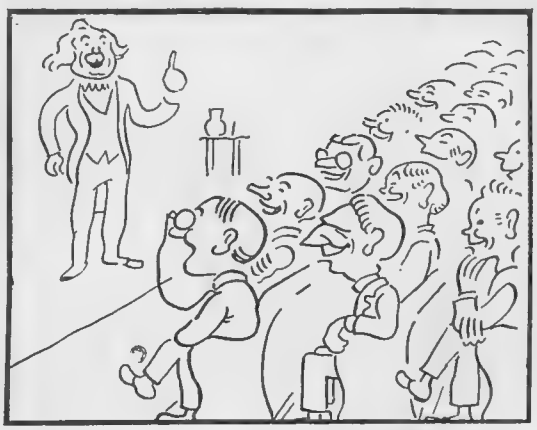
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

SOME SUGGESTED METHODS OF SECURING GOLFERS' VOTES

WHAT BONAR LAW MUST REMEMBER—



—is the Way Mr. Lloyd George has—



—of Turning the Tamest Meeting—

—into a Regular—

—Lloyd G-orgy!

BY SOUTHE

Kind Hearts and Cabbages

[*The Vegetarian Society warns us against cruelty to cabbages, as cabbages have hearts.*]

ALTHOUGH a turnip never sings,
It has its tender feelings.
Potatoes are defenceless things—
Why rob them of their peelings?
To take the tender parsnip's life
Is callous, crass, and caddish;
What cruel hand would seize a knife
To slay the gentle radish?

A picture of the onion (spring)
Draws tears from every eye;
Why should we cause it suffering?
Why should it bloom and die?
The cauliflower is chaste and good;
The sprout is kind and meek.
Why must we spill the beetroot's blood
Or lacerate the leek?

Humanity our hand deters—
Its dictates are not narrow—
From cruelty to cucumbers
Or malice toward a marrow.
My voice of protest will not shrink,
But rise, in shrill staccato,
'Gainst those debased ones who would sink
To martyr a tomato.

My friendship with the haricot
A lot to me may mean;
I could not bring myself to go
And cut a dear old bean.
So here's my warning, straight and stiff,
Whose truth no man can wangle,
That *wurzel* come upon you, if
You mutilate a mangel!

A. A. THOMSON

Inside Knowledge

["*I am a classic.*"—MR. G. BERNARD SHAW.]

DON'T judge my works by verbal capers,
Written when "Stella" had the vapours,
For, being rather apt to snivel,
I sometimes cheered her up with drivel.
My famous dramas will be found
More satisfying, solid ground,
For whether pleasing or "unpleasant"
They have no equals, past or present—
In short, whatever critics say
One fact is very clear to-day:
I AM A CLASSIC! (Long ago
I told the British Public so,
And, dash it all, I OUGHT TO KNOW!)

E. L. ROBERTS

The Economist

BY E. BLAMPIED

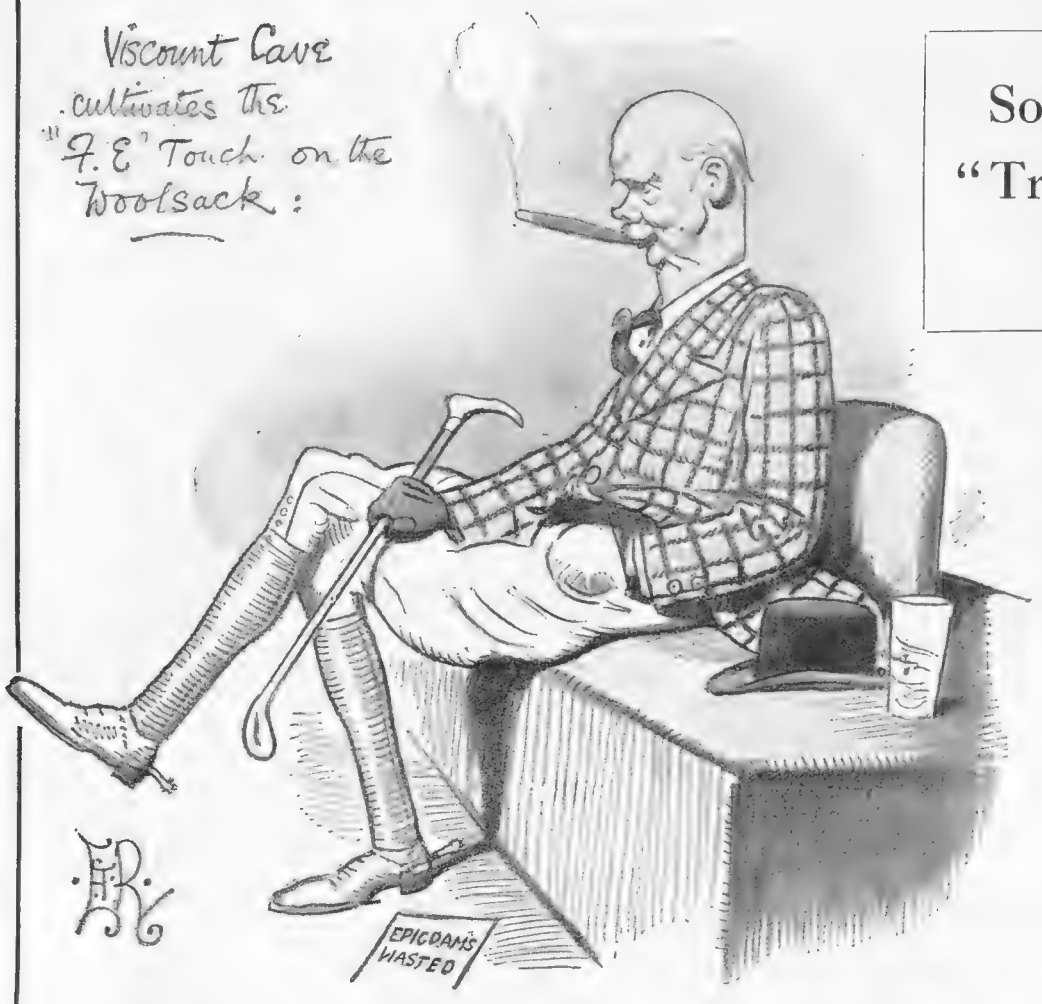
"Yes, gentlemen, I am—er—absolutely solid for economy. Nothing will move me. And—er—I will always stoutly maintain its principles!" *(Applause)*

Some Political "Transformation-Scenes"

The General Election has brought out the fact that some people would apparently be better pleased if the personal characteristics of our statesmen were *exactly the opposite* of those they possess at present. (*"Herewith please find a few selected samples"*)

□

SKETCHES BY
E. T. REED



Bonar - A "Live-wire"
Hoo-ray !!
"— the thunder-bolts of doom are crashing among the dismembered carcasses of the enemy"
If only Lord Birkenhead and Winston had a bit more of the "Little Bethel" style about them :
Lord Salisbury, Mr McNeill, & the Duke of Devonshire might, if their natures were transformed, look like this when about to ratify the Free State of Ireland act. — in existing circumstances of course, they are simply de-lighted !!

CHARLADIES THE FASHIONABLE MODELS.

By "ROLAND"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"Refusé"

MES AMIS,

As you well know, one of the experiences the most sought after in the capital is a visit to the Bal des Quat'z' Arts. Principally, without the doubt, this is because there is the immense difficulty to procure the entrance. One may have fulfilled all the exactingest of the formalities, be garbed in the most perfect shred of the costume, and yet be expelled with the humiliating roughness because to have forgotten the year in which the teacher, at the *atelier* to which one is supposed to be attached, has taken up his duties. The such kind of test, as you shall concede, is of the sort to close the door to the dabblers in the experiences.

Et bien, a strange sort of development just comes to happen. Formerly it has been the habit of the artists to jeer from the windows of the ballroom at the experience-hunters who have endured the indignity to be thrown out. This has been one of the exquisite delights of the *nuit tempestueuse*. They have clearly felt the hostility to the profane who have wished to know the secrets of the art as portrayed at the *bal*. But, now, the such hostility appears to have vanished in the most miraculous manner.

At the least, this is the only explanation which it is possible to offer for the Salon d'Automne, presently the topic of all the conversation. In the place of the hostility has come a wave of the sympathy. With the realisation that it is not possible for all the pursuers of experiences to see the decorations at the Bal des Quat'z' Arts a number of the *jeunes* have apparently decided to bring the similar decorations to the Salon d'Automne. Here it shall be possible, for all who wish, to regard them with the facility, for there are not any obstacles at the door in the shape of the cross-examinations, the only requirement being the payment of two francs.

One has the great wonder what shall be the result of the experiment. It could have been thought that the such audacity should have provoked the condemnation of the critics of the art. But that is far from to be the case. The critics have been in the raptures about the *Salon*. Yet this is, perhaps, not the matter for the surprise. The critics have for ever been the peculiar people who would be most unhappy if they should find themselves in the agreement with the normal persons.

When Marcel and I have struggled through the numerous rooms packed with the baleful conceptions of the female form we have had to pinch ourselves several times to make sure that we have been really at the *Salon*, and not in the riotous atmosphere of the Quat'z' Arts. Gross, distorted females have leered and gibbered at us in such a way as to make us want to scurry hence in hot haste. Most of the models have had the proportions—when they have had proportions at all—of the typical charlady.

"Not merely the bewilderment, but the disgust"

I have not ever been one to deny the virtues of the charlady, or to decry the charm of her homely self-sufficiency. A charlady in shawl and skirt is a person for whom I have the utmost of esteem. But the portrayal of a charlady in the nude is a form of art which for me has not merely the bewilderment but the disgust. Accumulation of adipose tissue on elephantine limbs has not the tiniest artistic recommendation that I can discover. Not even when painted green, or red and yellow, as some of these queer students

(*Continued on page 446*)

On the Turf in India: Racing at Quetta

"THEY'RE OFF!"

The start of the Robert Plate during the Quetta Autumn Meeting at British Baluchistan. Lady Avidity, who quickly showed her heels to the rest of the field, and won by several lengths, is seen nearest the rails. Inset is Dark Night, winner of the Murdar Stakes, and Lieut.-Colonel P. Sheppard, D.S.O., in the foreground

A VIEW OF THE JUDGE'S BOX AND FINISHING POST AT QUETTA

The Quetta Autumn Meeting in Northern India is always a pretty good show, and draws from the surrounding hill towns many interesting and interested folk. This one drew remarkably large fields and some neck and neck finishes; the course is one of the best, being entirely visible from the stands. Lieut.-Colonel Sheppard, D.S.O., who has command of the 32nd Brigade of the R.F.A., is an enthusiastic racer, and several horses of his own training took the field. Organised by the indefatigable Lieut. Patterson, the Quetta Horse Show, after the racing finished, was most successful

"CHARLADIES THE FASHIONABLE MODELS" (*concluded*)

of novelties in the nude have actually perpetrated them. And the contortions of the limbs are sufficient to provoke a month of nightmares.

I HAVE the recollection that when Marcel and I have been in the "digs" at Hampstead to learn the language of London, the dear old charlady who used to scrub there had the habit to tell us at the great length about the pains of "those rheumatics." Well, the charladies who have posed for the artists of the Salon d'Automne have all, apparently, had to undergo the excruciation of the "rheumatics," while to act as the models. Not any other thing could explain the abnormal postures or the agonised looks on the faces. One artist has actually painted his charlady purple in the face. There has not really been the need to employ the purple colour, for the expression has been adequate to convey the idea that the lady must have been purple at the time, but the painter has not wished to spare the feelings by to leave the least thing to the imagination.

WHAT it is all about is the greatest puzzle of the whole affair. There is truly only one piece of information that one acquires from the *Salon*. That is an explanation of the reason for the crisis of the charladies. For long it has been the wonderment why there has been the difficulty to obtain the charladies. Now we have the solution to the mystery. They have found the more congenial posts as the models of artists.

"Les grand chapeaux font fureur"

ONE has heard voiced also the suspicion that the *jeunes* are in league with the proprietors of the Folies-Bergère, the Ba-Ta-Clan, and the other music-halls where the *demoiselles* with the really beautiful forms show the greater part thereof to the audiences which go to admire. For there is not any doubt that those who have endured the fearsome conceptions of the *Salon* will wish to go to look at the handiwork of nature after to have gone through the agony of seeing the terrors of art. The music-halls at least should be grateful to these artists for the creation of feelings of revulsion which are bound to drive the sufferers to these resorts.

I SHOULD have described this *Salon* as a chamber of horrors if a French commentator, who is not a critic of the art, had not employed the term in advance of me. However, I join with him as to the accuracy of the expression. Even Picabia, who is not known to be squeamish, seems to have had the intuition beforehand that this exhibition was to be a dreadful display. He has sent an ironical composition about the vine-leaf. Autumn is the time of the fall of the leaf, and the vine-leaf has certainly fallen at the Salon d'Automne.

"À l'exposition des chrysanthèmes"

WE have been glad that Fernande, who has accompanied us, has worn one of the very, very large hats which *font fureur* just now, for that has enabled us to arrange so that some of the most terrible canvasses have been concealed from her view. And we have been truly glad to get to the exhibition of chrysanthemums as a relief from the sensations of horror. ROLAND

BY H. H HARRIS

"BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA"

IN BA

BY HOWARD K ELCOCK

BAULK

Dance and the Man

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

SHE: "Is this a one-step or a waltz?"
HE: "I haven't the faintest idea!"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

NEVER AGAIN!

By DELL LEIGH

WHEN Nony Nistell obtruded a pair of shapely shoulders and provocative eyes into the closed federation of Sturton and Ackroyd, Jimmy Ackroyd was disgusted, and said so, as far as he dared say anything.

In the same House at Winchester, the same College at Oxford, and the same Battery in France, but principally because they never found it necessary to pursue the same girl, they remained as nearly inseparable as men ever do after the unrealities of school life. Their Battery Commander said it was the same shell knocked them both out. But he was merely being cheaply humorous at the expense of their reputation.

And nobody in the Line that morning cared much anyway.

Base Hospitals and Red Cross country houses at home separated them finally, and for more than a year, during the latter part of which Nony, of the Odéon, had got busy and inserted a white shoulder between them, edging Ackroyd out. Clean out. When the Nistell net had been well and truly laid about Phil's feet, heart, and pocket, they bumped into each other as they were hanging up hats in the cloak-room of the same Service Club.

And Ackroyd, whose matrimonial stock was now somewhat at a discount, being minus one eye, listened amazed to the outpouring, which contained sentences such as :

"Ah, but old chap, she is not the sort of girl you can hang about stage doors for. You know what I mean. Quite different from the ordinary run. Takes her art seriously. And it *is* art. You'll see. Besides, she's a lady, of course—in all her ideas. Her mother is a topping woman, too ; been on the stage herself. They live together in a little flat off Oxford Street. You must come and see them. Nony's simply wonderful. Such a good sort. You know what I mean—no nonsense. 'Course, fellers always think their fiancée's are lovely, but you have only got to look at last week's BYSTANDER to see for yourself. Can't think why you haven't been to her show, all London is packing in there. . . ."

. . . . . .

When Jim Ackroyd squeezed himself against hanging garments in the tiny dressing-room that night at eleven, he saw for himself and agreed. Up to a point she was lovely, he supposed. She had removed the make-up, and a thin-lipped, saturnine dresser was engaged upon her hair. Great clumps of it. He had once had an amber mouthpiece to a pipe at Oxford the same colour. But he did not quite like the way she flung out both hands to him as he came in, and held them for quite noticeably long, gazing at him tenderly out of large blue eyes.

"It was *sweet* of you to come round. We should simply *love* to come to supper with you. You are Phil's great friend, aren't you. I think Phil's very lucky."

How did she know ?

Little tinkling insipidities fell from her, from behind the screen, as her dresser partially clothed her, and while dabbing at herself with highly manicured fingers beneath the twenty crude lights and before the three long glasses.

And at Ciro's, where the yellow plush seating was a fitting background for her moonlight-coloured dress, the pearl white skin and the picture-postcard eyes. She talked vivaciously to both of them about the "show," and the shortcomings of the rest of the cast. But she seemed, to Jimmy, to include by some unspoken word, some studiedly graceful gesture, all five men who stared from the adjoining table, one of whom was Farrer, the Lessee of three theatres.

As Ackroyd dallied with dressed crab, and tried not to notice the touch of her bare shoulder as she leaned towards him and said, "pardon, I didn't get that," he switched his mind suddenly to the Sturton home in the Highlands and wondered in which of the many rooms there she would fit.

What would she look like in an old tweed skirt and thick brogues such as the Sturton sisters habitually wore ? Or in the Sturton pew on a Scotch Sunday ? He asked if her lobster was all right, and she said it was quite "naice."

And a dark skinned orchestra thrummed insidious ragtime.

. . . . . .

Events followed their theatrical course until the placards of the evening papers were hung about an apathetic West End bearing the devastating announcement, "Famous Actress Marries." And Mrs. Nony Sturton wrote to Jimmy.

"It was simply rotten not having you there. We *both* thought of you-quite a lot. . . ."

The thick lavender paper, edged discreetly with purple, seemed singularly out of place on the North Borneo rubber plantation, where Ackroyd fingered it distastefully.

Four years flicked by with that incredible speed theatrical years have. Jimmy had heard a little, and deduced more. Not that he thought about them often. He was engrossed in a more enthralling pursuit than theirs. He was making money. Lots of it. And very quickly. But chance remarks dropped by talkative men in the American bar of the Europe at Singapore, the E. and O. at Penang, the Galle Face at Colombo, and on board coming home, brought the lined, dull-eyed face of Sturton before him in Piccadilly as no surprise.

They dined together. Sturton had insisted. At the Club. Upon Jimmy voicing the conventional "and how is your missus ?" Phil entered a mental caveat by holding up an arresting hand.

"Haven't the least idea, old boy." He spoke as a man acknowledging a misdeal at bridge. But with the vintage port the well of bitterness was plumbed. Jimmy had never heard the hackneyed story at first hand before. It was incoherent for the most part, with wide silences between. Certain phrases hung fog-like upon Jimmy's vision, and from them he fitted

(All rights strictly reserved)

"NEVER AGAIN!" (concluded)

together, over a late cigar alone, a fairly complete picture of Sturton's short married life, save for the pieces he could not find. There were holes in the jig-saw puzzle, queer, shapeless blanks, which Jimmy, whose job was money-making, not *mésalliance*, could only guess at.

"Never cared a rap about me ol' man . . . dressing-room packed with other men night after night . . . that type of woman has no mind; only a body . . . you can't go *on* living with a person who jars on all your finer susceptibilities, however much you try . . . yes, she wrote the usual letter, at least her lawyers did, "won't you come back?" You know the sort of thing . . . heavy alimony, too; damned unfair . . . however, *never again*, old chap; never again. By, Jove! no. I've had my lesson. . . ."

These pieces fitted in all right, dovetailed into one another beautifully.

But the blank spaces. We-ell, Jimmy supposed you could pick them out from the divorce columns of any newspaper. Much of a muchness, these sort of stories. But he felt sorry for Phil, somehow. Decent old bloke. Pity.

. . . . .

The head-waiter threaded a bored passage between the crowded tables with a note in his accustomed hand.

"A certain lady thinks you have got a very pretty tie on, and would like to see it closer. Come and join us for coffee. Phil."

Jimmy looked across the restaurant, and saw his old friend smiling at him from a corner. A mahogany and glass screen hid the lady. He could only see the brim of a cornflower-blue hat and a cigarette in a long tortoise-shell holder.

He paid his bill and went across.

"Haven't seen you for about three months, old man. Where have you been hiding?"

"I've been in Spain," replied Jimmy.

"Syl, this is Mr. Ackroyd; Jimmy of that ilk. Miss Searle, James."

Phil's face was all lit up with the joy of life, and her.

Sylvia Searle squeezed Jimmy's hand unduly.

"I've heard *so* much about you. How nice of you to come and join us. Were you lunching all alone? Poor dear, what a shame."

Jimmy had seen Sylvia Searle, from the second row, at the Elysium, only last night, and had marvelled at her daring undress uniform in the third act. He sat down between them, and she straightway included him in the envelope of her loveliness. Phil was pushing Treasury Notes into his folded bill without looking at it, gazing at her with a dog-like devotion.

She was very fair, with a wealth of hair, and a skin that five years of cheap sticks of grease paint and late nights on tour had not yet sullied.

They talked of the "show." "I'm *so* glad you like it." And of the detestable size of her dressing-room. "Not room to swing *half* a cat, is there, darling?" and a sudden biting of red lips, and an "oh dear!" of playful embarrassment at the term of endearment falling from her in the presence of Jimmy.

"Still, it doesn't matter, you're very old friends, I hear, and *so* understanding, Phil tells me." She leaned a dimpled chin on a slave-bangled arm and held Jimmy with ice-blue eyes.

"Tell me something about Phil, will you? I mean the school days, and France. I'm—I'm very interested, you know. May I say that, Phil? Phil's had rather a rotten time, you know, the poor darling; but not now."

She flickered an intimate glance at him.

"But men are so lucky. Their *men* friends never let them down, do they?"

She gathered Jimmy in again with a steady and very friendly gaze.

"Oh, thanks; are they goldflake?"

She took a cigarette from his outstretched case, her hand gliding softly across his as she pulled it out.

"Will you come round and see me one night? Phil will bring you. Won't you, dear — you're not jealous, I hope." A vivid smile, first cousin to a caress, swept over Phil, who sat mutely adoring, pushing little heaps of cigarette ash aimlessly about his plate.

Presently Jimmy rose to go. He could bear it no longer. The same hard little lines about the mouth. The same brilliantly tired eyes. The same inflection of voice. The same destiny. A devil of satire prodded at him suddenly. Dare he? He must. Serve the silly ass right!

"Must go, old boy," he said. "Pal of mine has got a horse running to-day in the 3.30. I want to go and back it."

"What horse?"

"Oh, it's a filly called 'Never Again,' running in a Selling Plate."

"Never heard of it," said Phil, absently. "Whose the owner?"

The devil of satire still nudged mischievously.

"Belongs to a man called Time. Don't suppose you know him. Nice, fatherly old chap."

"No. Mug's game, betting, though, Jimmy. But you can afford it. No other vices, have you? Well, *au revoir*, old sonny. See you again soon."

"I like him," she said, presently, breaking one of their long silences. "Nice. But very reserved and undemonstrative, I should think. Not like you, dear."

They looked meditatively at one another with a wealth of mute understanding.

"Shall we go?" She began to collect gloves and bag.

As he stood behind her chair and slid a fur coat up over silk shoulders he drew her daringly, imperceptibly, towards him.

"Phil, dear, behave yourself; a dozen people are looking."

But she quivered slightly, responsively.

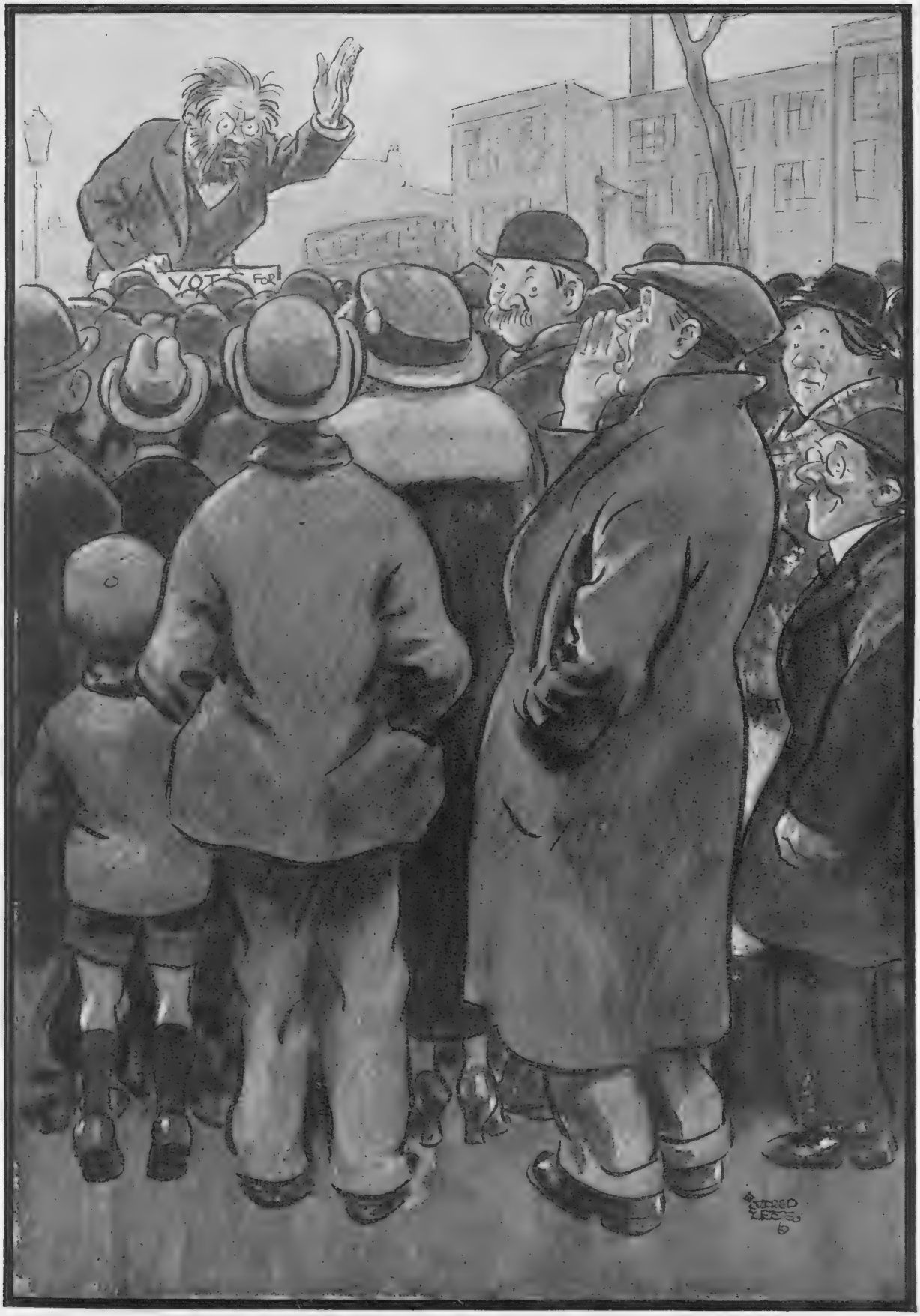
They had both forgotten Jimmy already. He might never have been there. D. L.

NEXT WEEK!!!

With all Usual Features
ONE SHILLING.

A Special RIVIERA NUMBER of THE BYSTANDER, which has been edited on the spot. An issue as sunny as the Sunny South itself.

Rough!



BY ALFRED LEETE

THE CANDIDATE: "My friends, how shall we get out of this bed of thistles on to the bright plains of our desire?"

EX-CADDIE: "Take a niblick, guv'nor"

By
"JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

Produced on
October 26th

THE idea is that at the last the Good and Evil in our lives will be balanced, and we shall be awarded credit or debit accordingly. But for this reservation, the moral of the play is not a very happy one. According to the story, a factory girl who yields to the irregular advances of her wealthy employer will at once nestle in the lap of luxury, and wear expensive clothes, and ultimately marry the gentleman. In these days when girls seem anxious to do anything except work, such a story seems to my unsophisticated mind a little ill-advised. But I was always a moralist of the sterner class. Another disquieting feature of the play is the demonstration that no matter how innocent of crime you may be, a trick of the law may send you to the scaffold at any time. I think I must buy a new necktie, and grow a beard to put them off the scent.

THE play is in four acts, and gives the impression that it was endowed with a fifth act originally, which had to be docked on account of the time limit. The chief love-romance of the story is, as it were, stillborn. There is Esther, a girl of gentle birth, who, though for the moment only a factory-hand, is really the heiress to thousands and thousands; and in the days of her poverty she is wooed by a manly and very likeable young curate. Just how the romance ends we never know. It is swamped in the tremendous welter of sensational happenings that include a lovely murder, and the trial and condemnation of the wrong man. We are told that Esther once saved Mary Denton's life. Details are not forthcoming, but we surmise that Esther probably saved her from falling into the mashed-turnip vat at the jam factory. In return, for Esther's sake, Mary puts herself, as it were, in the soup. Esther is ill and is even threatened by the scourge of phthisis. She needs above all beef tea and port wine (down, Pussyfoot!), and none of her friends is able or willing to deliver the goods. Mary Denton has already been told by her employer, Mr. Porter, that he "wants" her, and she decides that, for dear Esther's sake, she will sacrifice herself accordingly. I have heard other reasons given as an excuse for the decision to adopt so regrettable a course, but this one certainly has the merit of originality.

LATER in the play we see Mary Denton comfortably installed in Mr. Porter's tastefully furnished flat in Kensington. She is wearing a magnificent evening frock which must be the envy of many a sweet girl in the audience. She is also very happy, and quite loves her gentleman friend, and there are tender-hearted and self-sacrificing girls who ask for no more than that. Presumably, however, it is held that when Mary's sacrifice is weighed against her irregular conduct, there will be a nice balance on the right side with which to point the moral and adorn the tale. I hope so, I'm sure.

THE villain of the piece is Theodore Cornell, a harsh and grasping solicitor, who goads his long-suffering clerk, "Scrivie," to desperation at last. Scrivie's wife

is another of them. She wants a gay time, and, as I understand it, the wages of a solicitor's clerk do not permit of dinners at the Carlton or Midnight Follies. Mrs. Scrivie comes to the office and announces quite bluntly that if her husband will not give her money she wants she knows how to get it in other ways, the sad implication being that she is another sacrificer. Scrivie tries to keep her quiet by "borrowing" a pound or two from the petty cash; but his employer catches him in the act, and the penalty for the crime is held over his head forever after. Mr. Cornell is quite a horrid person, and, like a Coué patient, he gets horrider and horrider every day in every way. Scrivie pleads for an afternoon off so that he may be at the bedside of his dying mother; but he is told to stop in the office and copy deeds instead. The climax comes when Cornell mockingly confesses that Mrs. Scrivie is now enjoying the luxury of silks and satins, and that he himself is cheerfully footing the bill. Scrivie in a mad rage then "goes for" his employer, and would, I think, really have hurt him only Cornell is several fighting sizes too large for his puny clerk.

ONE dark, foggy night, Cornell has an appointment to meet Mr. Porter at the Kensington flat. But Cornell is late in arriving, and Mr. Porter, who has an appointment in Paris, cannot wait. When Cornell arrives, therefore, he finds himself in the flat alone. Ah, no, not alone! For lurking grimly in the flickering shadows is the vengeful Scrivie, with murder in his heart and a loaded revolver in his hand. This is an extremely impressive display of acting by Mr. George Elton as Scrivie. He covers Cornell with his weapon and then lectures him hysterically on his wickedness. His speech is made in a whining voice as if he were trying, with a dismal lack of success, to master the tremendous emotion that is controlling him, and between every sentence he gives a little sniffing sob, like the whimpering of a spoilt child. Scrivie is clearly quite mad now, and when Cornell, as a last desperate venture, rushes at him to try and grasp the pistol from him, Scrivie fires point-blank, one, two, three, four times.

WE then come to the overwhelming sensation of the play. It is three months since the murder was committed. The curtain rises on the "Criminal Court at the Old Bailey," which is

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

presented with an accuracy of detail that is almost disquieting. I have never been present at the Central Criminal Court, either as a spectator or otherwise; but I understand that the fidelity of the reproduction here is positively guaranteed by the management. The prisoner in the dock is Mr. Porter, the jam maker; and though we know he did not commit the crime of which he is accused, we are naturally too polite to interrupt the proceedings. The business of the moment is the examination of Mary Denton, a witness for the defence.

Miss Mary Clare acts with much distinction in the earlier scenes; but here, under cross-examination by Counsel for the Crown, she gives a remarkably fine performance. As her position becomes steadily undermined by the cold, unemotional questions of her examiner, she loses her self-control more and more. Dismissed at last from the witness-box, she turns in her defeat to the members of the jury, and in a voice of screaming passion appeals to them not to hang an innocent man. This scene of itself should draw the Town.

The jury, ignoring Mary's appeal, decide that the prisoner is guilty, and sentence of death is passed accordingly. Mr. J. H. Barnes, with a gentle dignity upon which a real life judge could hardly improve, dons the black cap, and addresses the usual short homily to the prisoner at the bar.

Just then the solemn proceedings are happily, if somewhat indecorously, interrupted by Scrivie, who rushes into the well of the Court, confesses to the murder, exhibits the weapon in the case, and then shoots himself, as you might say, all in one breath. How far such a proceeding may be received in law as evidence for the defence, it is not for me to say; while the authors, with a nice discretion, bring down the curtain at once. Mr. George Bealby as the sinful Cornell makes himself as artistically objectionable as possible; and Mr. Tristan Rawson is always very correct as the rather colourless Mr. Porter. Two very able character sketches afford plenty of "comic relief." Mr. Edward Rigby as a "bookie" in the making, is immense; while Mr. Sebastian Smith as "Uncle Abel," a dear old pensioner with a weakness for strong drink, is quite delightful.

The play, in short, seems to run the whole gamut of popular human weaknesses, and, as none of us is perfect, it should be on that account all the more welcome.

JINGLE

HICKSOGRAPHS: A BE-LATED PROBLEM

Here you would have seen much more of Dorothy Dickson and Geoffrey Gwyther in a scene from "The Cabaret Girl" at the Winter Garden Theatre but, unfortunately, those wretched regular theatre-goers, Never-Ready Nevill and Always Late Aimée spoilt the picture. The visibles are George Grossmith and Norman Griffin; and Nevill and Aimée, having walked on your feet, knocked your programme from your hand, and torn the wife's (or "her") dress, you may settle once more to the enjoyment of quite one of the best of the mediocre musical comedies in Town

King Solomon's Star Turn

SHEBA'S QUEEN AND HER PEACOCKS' PLUMES

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

PRINCESS ASTIFAVIA AS THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

A striking costume photograph of Princess Astifavia, the Russian dancer, as she will appear at the Ypres Ball Pageant at the Royal Albert Hall on November 30, organised in aid of the Ypres League, and at which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has promised to be present. Princess Astifavia is appearing next week with Mme. Lopokova in a Ballet Masquerade at the Coliseum

A Blow for the Cause

BY F. G. H. SALUSBURY

"Russia is not what it used to be," sighed the Commissar, as he lit his cigarette with a million rouble note.

"True, comrade," admitted the Assistant Commissar.

"A small instance of our degeneration. I have always suspected the kitchen man, whom we took on out of pure charity, of *bourgeois* inclinations. Do you remember last night he acted as extra waiter when we entertained the ladies of the Che-Ka? I chanced to re-enter the dining-room to collect my cigar-case. This pig was sweeping the butts into his pocket—the butts that we grind down and make into ration cigarettes for our glorious Red Army. He said he could die for a smoke."

"He shall," remarked the Assistant Commissar, rising to his feet.

"Where are you going?"

"To the kitchens."

As the door closed the Commissar flicked the ash off his cigarette and drew a confidential document from his pocket. He was perusing it when his subordinate returned.

"That little matter has been concluded satisfactorily?"

The other nodded.

"This letter has made me think deeply, comrade. It announces the arrival on the sixteenth of Bingo Caviar—you know him?"

"Only by repute."

"Bingo and I attended our first bomb outrage together. He is a good fellow, and my immediate superior in the line of promotion. It was touch and go whether he or I got a dress-suit in which to attend the Genoa Conference. But his seniority stood him in good stead. Needless to say, I bear him no grudge."

"Of course not."

"No ill-will, you understand. But I fear for Bingo Caviar. He is behaving most regrettably. It was owing largely to his influence that Moscow became willing to consider the foreign capitalists' proposals to function again."

"Dear me: poor comrade Caviar!"

"Yes; his mental vision has been obscured. I was remarking—was I not?—that Russia is not what it used to be. But I have been pondering over this letter. Bingo is coming here on a tour of inspection of enemy property that we have confiscated. If his report is favourable, we may have capitalists even here."

"Terrible!"

"But supposing Bing could be made into the man he was—Bingo the Bane of the Bourgeois——"

"Ah!"

"Supposing he could be induced to think clearly, then, I venture to prophesy, the Soviet would regain its sanity. You and I, comrade, seem to be the instruments selected by fate to effect the regeneration of Russia."

"But how?"

The Commissar gazed blandly out of the window.

"It will be a delicate matter."

He took a sip of champagne.

"It will call for tact and persuasion, but I am relying on Bingo's reactionary complex to make things easy for us."

The Assistant reached for the bottle.

"I have read in the loathsome foreign press," resumed his chief, "that the eminent Italian poet, D'Annunzio, announces his intellectual brilliance much enhanced as a direct result of a blow on the head. Now, if Bingo is willing to re-admit capitalism into Russia he might be so far destitute of the proper Bolshevist spirit as to take a tip from a capitalistic intellectual who, by a simple operation, has brightened his intellect—an operation, let me say, of a character sufficiently heroic to have been conceived and carried out by our own medical profession."

"There is that about it," said the Assistant Commissar.

"My scheme has its difficulties, but that is the line on which I shall work. And why should not Bingo be persuaded to undergo the operation? He is very keen on intellectual brilliance."

"And, if he can be persuaded, who will perform the operation?"

"I will."

The Assistant Commissar blinked.

"Is it not quaint," he said, "that Comrade Caviar should be your immediate senior?"

"I can imagine no situation more piquant," replied the Commissar, "unless"—he paused—"it be that you are my immediate junior."

"If ever you were promoted——"

"It would follow that you——"

"Try one of my cigars, comrade," said the Assistant Commissar.

. . . . . .

"Think, Bingo," said the Commissar, "of the accession of intellectual power to be gained from this operation, which has proved successful—black or white?—in the case of a mere *bourgeois*. You would be able to envisage broad principles—I think you prefer *Kummel*?—with ridiculous ease. Instead of a bewildering succession of petty local problems impinging on your mental retina, you would be able to appreciate the question of humanity as a whole. Your head would be among the stars."

The Assistant stifled a cough.

"I will try it," said Bingo Caviar, suddenly. "I gather that you propose to operate with a mallet?"

"Yes. It would be too difficult to counterfeit the original accident. This is the mallet. A pretty piece, isn't it? The carving on the handle is considered rather good."

"Come on, then," said Bingo, who never wasted a moment. "Shall I kneel down?"

"It would be easier."

"One biffski, remember: not too hard."

"Just one," said the Commissar, softly, and raised his mallet.

. . . . . .

"How unfortunate," sighed the Commissar, and dropped the mallet, "how very sad! Tut, tut, it was too careless of me. I seem to have killed him."

He turned to the Assistant Commissar.

"However, I shall succeed him, and you shall succeed me. The good work goes on."

An idea came suddenly to the Assistant Commissar.

"Comrade Caviar was wearing a very neat diamond tie-pin," he remarked. "Would it not be as well to remove temptation from the servants?"

"Quite right! I hadn't noticed it," said the Commissar, and bent down.

Swiftly the Assistant Commissar reached for the mallet.

The Lonely Sole

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THAT NIGHT WHEN ONE DINES ALONE AT THE CLUB

County "Rugger": The Rise of Hampshire

THERE is no doubt that county "Rugger" in the South of England is beginning to look up. It is certainly time that it did. The last time the County Championship was won by a southern county was in 1903-4, and the championship has only come South twice—on each occasion to Kent—since the competition was first officially recognised in 1888-9. Rugby football abounds in anomalies, and one of these is that whereas county football in those provinces which are more or less distant from London ranks high, in London and the places lying comparatively adjacent thereto it counts for hardly anything. In London and the South club play is everything; nothing but an International or an International trial must be allowed to interfere with a club's "first call" upon the services of its best players. Consequently, county matches in the South are not played on Saturdays (as they are, for instance, in the West or the North) but in the middle of the week, which means in other words that county "Rugger" in and around London doesn't—or didn't—get much of a chance.

HENCE the reason why, for some years past, it has been a matter of common knowledge that the football of our home counties' teams has been (through no fault of their own) pathetically poor. A county team, say, of Surrey, has consisted, as a rule, of a few shining lights and a lot of comparative nobodies, which is always a bad blend; its composition has varied from match to match to such an alarming extent that it has never had the remotest chance of getting together, and it has had all the other defects of a team which is not, in fact, a team at all.

I HAVE heard it said that county football will never flourish in the South as long as it is compelled to take the mid-week back seat. But Kent in the old days "got there" twice, and was well in the running several times more in spite of this mid-week disability. Why? Because the people who ran Kent succeeded in creating an atmosphere of keenness and enthusiasm among its members and potential members. And we have recently had ocular demonstration that, given the requisite keenness, backed by sound organisation, the mid-week disability is much more easy to overcome than it used to be. There are fewer great players today, but there are many more good players than there were, and also—to put it quite generally—it is not so difficult nowadays for workers of all denominations to get an afternoon off. Sport as an aid to efficiency in business is coming into its own.

BY W. F. BLOOD

HENDERSON'S "DUD" DRUM

I CAN claim to speak with some authority. I have sat through many a dull and undistinguished county match in my time. This year I am finding county matches the very reverse of dull, and I encountered one last Wednesday between Surrey and Hampshire, which was particularly bright. It was every bit as good a game as one sees on a Saturday between two crack club sides. That, in these days, may not be saying a very great deal, but it means that there was keenness, good combination and team work, and a marked absence of that somewhat perfunctory manner in which county engagements were wont to be fulfilled—which is something. Surrey were a good side, and Hampshire were even better. The scores were level at half-time, but in the second half the Hampshire forwards, staying better than their rivals and dominating the scrummage nearly all the time, were able, with the aid of the one and only Middleton, a most doughty full-back, to help their side to victory against a fifteen which contained two of the finest three-quarters—Gracie and Albertijn—in the kingdom.

A WEEK before Hampshire had beaten Middlesex decisively, and they consequently stand a very healthy chance of coming out top in the South-Eastern division of the county competition. They consist almost, but not quite entirely, of officers of the Royal Navy and the Army, and this, of course, makes for cohesion, unity of purpose, and all the other things which go to the making of a team as distinguished from a conglomeration of fifteen people who play football. On Wednesday they were without several of their best players, including that great pair of half-backs, Kershaw and Davies, but this, since they won comfortably without them, was rather a blessing in disguise; for it enabled several good men to prove their worth. I particularly liked, for instance, the scrum-half play of F. G. Chevalier, and the try which he gained in conjunction with A. C. Bennett (a speedy and straight-running three-quarter) by means of the return pass was quite a clever piece of football. The doings of Hampshire in the County Championship are going to be worth following, and they and Surrey are going to put county "Rugger" in the South on its legs unless I am very much mistaken. Kent will likewise be keen on a "come back." H. S. S.

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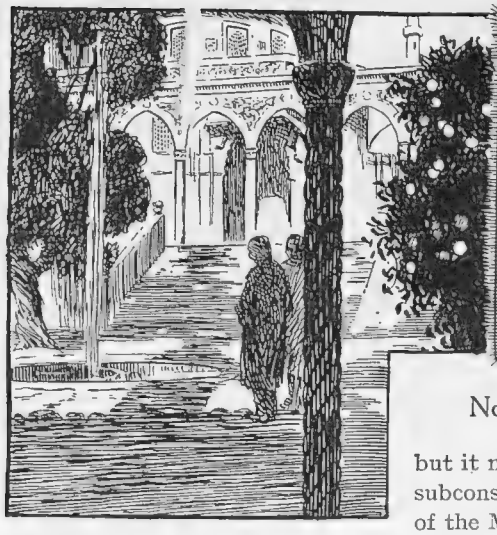

Secrets of the Silver Screen

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Illustrated by Geo. S. Dixon

No. V.—THE HOUSE OF THE MISANTHROPE

A FEW miles from Hollywood stands the most beautiful imitation Moorish palace in the world. A good deal of it is copied from the Alhambra, and the furniture was made to order by Arab carpenters in Algiers. Many old tiles and a couple of graceful marble fountains were imported also.

While the house was being built, and the hidden garden courts planted with orange trees, the public was allowed to stroll in and admire; but the moment the place was finished it was shut up like a prison. Over the white, arched gateway was written in Arabic characters, "The House of the Misanthrope." The owner was a Mr. William Brown.

Nobody at Hollywood or Los Angeles had ever heard of this particular William Brown, but he must be something like a millionaire, and the rumour began to go round that he really was a misanthrope. He was either a bachelor or a widower. He lived in his wonderful new house alone, save for his Chinese servants, and never went anywhere except in a great grey car which cut through the air as a shark cuts the sea.

Among other members of the public who had had the curiosity to visit the palace while it was building, were Mr. Jerry Markine, the great Head Boss of the Peerless Picture Corporation, and his chief supervising director, Larry Lamont. Then, not long after the Misanthrope had entered into possession of his house, the brain of Larry Lamont (who always wrote the scenarios for the plays he directed) gave birth to a gorgeous plot. Exactly how it came to him he didn't know, but it might have been from much subconscious gazing at the House of the Misanthrope, which gleamed mystic white in the distance, west of his study windows. It was marvellous in the jewelled rose and purple of the California sunsets, and still more marvellous under the California moon. Indeed, it seemed a palace of dreams, and it wasn't strange if Lamont's dreams took form in the shape of a film play for Melody Singer, the elder of the two Singer sisters, who plays a woman of the East so effectively. The drama in Lamont's mind centred round her, and the scene was old Algeria in pirate days, most of the action taking place in an ancient palace of a Bey, Melody's tyrannical husband.

"Say, have a heart, Larry," said the Boss, when the chief supervising director enthusiastically outlined his plot. "This dashed palace thing will cost about a million to build, and I tell you straight I can't run to it. Business has been too rotten."

"The play'll make you a million!" urged Lamont. "And I've been wondering if that chap Brown wouldn't let us use his place. It would be ideal, and make the production dirt cheap for us. There he lives all by himself. We wouldn't bother him much. He ought to be pleased as Punch. Lots of people are. Good way to tell the world, without boasting, about your magnificent place. Why, some fellows would pay for the advertisement!"

From vague things heard of Brown, it didn't seem as if he would be one of those fellows. Still, you never can tell till you try. So they tried. Markine and Lamont called, but they didn't get past the lodge, whose keeper was a human bulldog Then Markine wrote. No answer. Then Lamont wrote, one of his characteristic, semi-humorous letters, which intimated that one rule of the 'Peerless" was to take "silence as consent."

That brought Brown into the open, but not for the matching of wits. His short note was written in the third person, and said that the suggestion made was so ridiculous, he had not replied because he had regarded it as a practical joke, in extremely bad taste.

Opposition made Markine as eager as Lamont had been from the first. To them both no plot had ever approached "My Desert Queen," and no setting for a play had ever come near "The House of the Misanthrope" for beauty. The two men began to feel almost capable of murder—the murder of William Brown.

It was at this time that the camera work on a film of Melody Singer's ("Zara") finished, and to celebrate the occasion Markine invited her and her director to dinner. Of course, the flapper sister had to be invited too, though Markine thought the girl too pert for his liking. She hadn't much respect bump of reverence, even for Head Bosses, but you had to be decent to her for Melody's sake; besides, for some reason or other, the child's films sold like hot cakes.

Bêbe Singer (French not being obligatory at Hollywood, she was generally called "Beebie") was one of those queer little things who can play almost anything and "get it across." She had been a child actress. She could still, at eighteen, play child's parts. She was equally good as an innocent ingénue, an alluring Baby Vamp, or a worldly daring "stunt" artist. Beyond all, she was extraordinarily pretty in a bizarre way.

(Continued on page 464)

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

A man is known by his hat; the way he handles it; the way he lifts it; the way he disposes of it; the way he wears it; and perhaps above all—by the hat that he wears.

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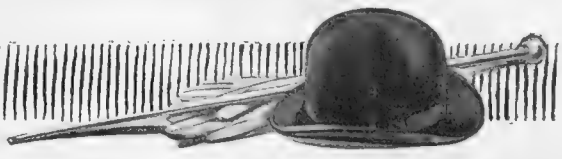

"SECRETS OF THE SILVER SCREEN" (*continued*)

Indeed, she bade fair to rise high as a star in the film firmament.

While the others discussed the brutal obstinacy of The Misanthrope, Bêbe ate and listened. It was only when Markine threatened to turn down the "Queen," and Melody burst into tears, that the girl spoke. "Bet I know a way to get you the run of the old cross-patch's place," she announced with her mouth full.

"How?" was the word exploded by the others present.

But Bêbe wouldn't tell how.

"What's in it for me if I do the trick?" she wanted to know.

Markine promised that she should be starred in a film being made from the most successful crook drama Broadway had seen for years. He had, as a matter of fact, grudgingly meant her to have the part in any case, as she was the one and only girl fitted to play it as it should be played; but Bêbe did not know this, so the promise was a great incentive. Some wonderful interiors were already being prepared, but studio work wouldn't begin until "My Desert Queen" (if it could be done at all) was finished. This was because the same leading man, Jack Hartley, was needed for both productions.

Jack Hartley, by the by, was in love with Bêbe: but Bêbe had been strictly forbidden by her director to fall in love with anyone. She was too young and too valuable to fill her head with anything except her WORK.

The girl refused all explanations of her plan, save a hint or two that, if things happened as she hoped, she might have to take a long journey, for which she must be financed by the management. In that case, she would be away for as many weeks as the Queen would need for production. She mentioned casually, also, that it was a good thing she'd kept up her accident insurance: and she mustn't forget to make her will before she went to bed, in favour of Melody.

The next afternoon Los Angeles papers had big red headlines on their first pages, "Beautiful Bêbe Singer knocked down by Millionaire's Motor," or "Misanthrope's Motor nearly Murders Melody's Sister-Star."

The facts behind the headlines were these: William Brown was accustomed to drive his own fast car out through the gates of his Moorish palace, every day at about the same hour. Issuing forth this morning, he had not been able to avoid a bicycle ridden by a young woman. This young woman, when picked up unconscious by Mr. Brown, alias The Misanthrope, was seen by the quickly collecting crowd to be none other than the well-known film actress, Bêbe Singer. Several persons in automobiles had offered to take her to a hospital, but, regaining consciousness, the sufferer had moaned pitifully, "Oh, let me rest," she had begged. "I can't stand going far." Whereupon Brown could do no less than carry her himself into his own house. A doctor, personally known to the Singer sisters, was called by the request of the injured girl, and recommended complete repose for several days. It could then be ascertained whether there were internal complications as well as exterior bruises.

"He had not been able to avoid a bicycle ridden by a young woman"

The elder sister and a trained nurse were soon installed in the house, which, until then, no woman had entered. Indeed, the Misanthrope seemed anxious to atone in every possible way for the accident. He even visited the patient himself, so it leaked out through Melody, to receive her forgiveness, and assure her of his regrets. The nurse often said to the elder Miss Singer that never had she seen such an angelic expression on any girl's face as that with which the young girl looked up into the man's eyes and said: "It wasn't your fault. It was all mine."

After a week, during which Brown visited the sick room several times a day, the doctor lost confidence in himself. He couldn't understand a certain queer pain of which poor Bêbe complained, and he advised sending her to Chicago in an ambulance car attached to a fast train, to be treated by a friend of his, a famous specialist.

"Great guns, the little devil's brought it off!" chortled Markine, on learning that, not only did Brown insist on paying for the ambulance car, but that he was travelling in the same train himself.

Even bulldogs have their price, and so have the most faithful Chinese servitors. Mr. Brown was not worried during his absence in Chicago with the trivial item of news that his house and his gardens were being used each day for the production of a moving picture. No harm was being done to his property by the actors; and, as he was known to dislike films, he would never be shocked by seeing his own surroundings on the screen. It was not until the last camera work with a Moorish background had been done, that Melody telegraphed Bêbe at a private sanatorium in Chicago, "Queen gone to the cutters. Get well, dear, and come home to take up most wonderful part of your young life. Messages from Marky, Larry, Jack and your grateful, loving Sister."

Bêbe wired back: "How would you like to play that part? I am cast for leading rôle Misanthrope's Bride. Married to-day. Love to all."

Sometimes Markine tells Lamont that they paid dear for the success—and cheapness—of "My Desert Queen." And Jack Hartley wonders whether Bêbe always meant—but you can never tell about a girl like that.

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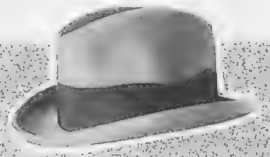

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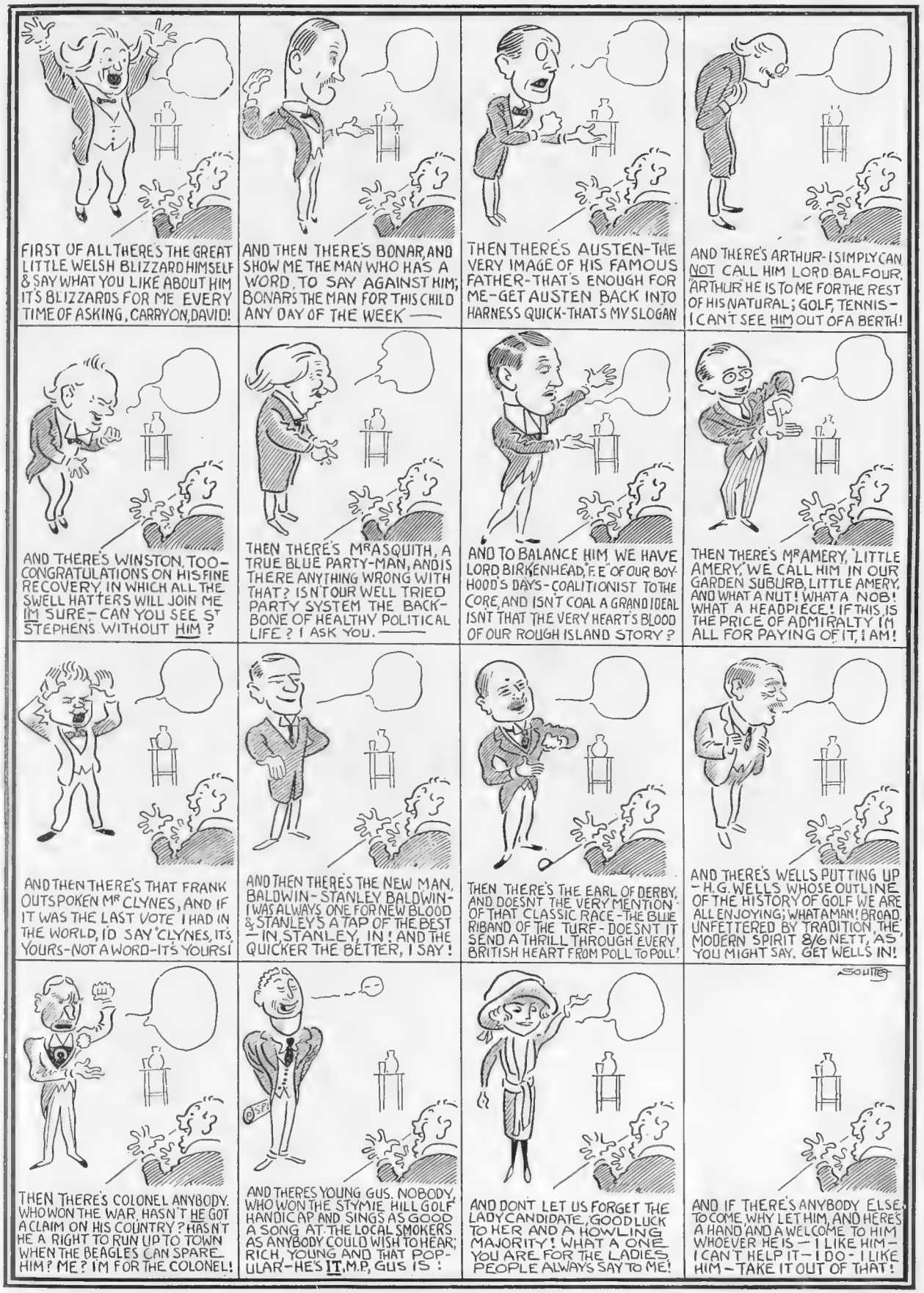

BY SOUTHE

"LET US FIGHT WITH GOOD HUMOUR"—Mr. Lloyd George

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

At Aintree

RACING crowds have shown a tendency to shrink at recent meetings, but after a quiet beginning last week's notable gathering at Aintree proved successful enough. It was unfortunate for Lord Derby that the Turkish question cropped up again just as his home meeting was about to start, and he was much missed from his usual place in his private stand. Still, Knowsley was well represented, and on the second day the crowd had the satisfaction of cheering two good winners for Lord Derby.

"A.E.T."

IT was just after the first day's racing at Aintree that I heard that Mr. A. E. T. Watson had passed away. It was a shock to all who knew him, because though "Alfred" was getting on in years he was out racing a few days before his death, and right up to the last he was engaged in writing about his beloved sport. The Turf has lost one of its most polished and experienced commentators. Everything which Alfred Watson wrote on racing was interesting and authoritative, and years ago he wrote equally well about the drama. Few men had a greater number of friends in the racing world, and his passing is a genuine loss to the sport.

The Derby Cup

THIS week's big event is the Derby Cup on Friday. Lady Juror has "accepted," but surely this journey is a bit too far for her, especially with 9st. to carry. Flint Jack is sure to get the course, and this honest and consistent performer always enjoys my respect. Charlebelle and Bracket I will not have after their poor displays at Newbury. Irish Belfry is very game and a thorough stayer, so may run into a place, but she has to give a fair amount of weight to other three-year-olds, including Ceylonese, who looks like starting favourite. My own idea is that the issue rests between the latter colt and Spes. The trouble with Spes is that she is a difficult filly for a light-weight jockey to extend. Ceylonese's weight, on the other hand, will permit of strong jockeyship, and taking him on his form in the St. Leger and the Cesarewitch he unquestionably possesses a great chance. I make **Ceylonese** my selection.

By "The Tout"

LORD MOLYNEUX

Taking down the numbers at Sandown Park. Our subject is the eldest son of Lord Sefton, and is certainly carrying on the sporting traditions of his famous family

Other Selections

AMONG other events at Derby the Chesterfield Nursery may be won by **Canary Seed,** and I like the chance of **Stratford** in the Markeaton Plate. On the second day **Forest Glade** may carry her penalty successfully in the Ogmaston Nursery, for at Lincoln she won with a lot to spare. At Hurst Park the programme on Saturday is extremely attractive. The two sweepstakes should be among the best races of the back-end campaign. I am quite prepared to see Harry Sadler repeat the double which he recently brought off at Newmarket. He can win the two-year-old race with the **Galante Colt,** while **Simon Pure** may prove the best of the three-year-olds.

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

The Best Plough Country

SOME of the best sport of the season so far has fallen to the Holderness Hounds. A good hunt of ninety minutes, with an eight-mile point, was the feature of their opening day, while twenty-four hours later they were again in great form—fifty minutes of the best and hounds stopped owing to failing light. The Holderness has long borne the reputation of being, perhaps, the best plough country in England. Warwickshire people will be specially interested in the success of the Yorkshire pack, for the latter are now being hunted by Charles Littleworth, who did very well during the single season he spent in the Warwick country. It was, indeed, bad luck for the latter that Littleworth's services should have been lost just when he had become familiar with the district and had gained the confidence and affection of his hounds.

A Lucky Fox

IT was during the little rumpus which arose regarding the number of hunting days that Mr. Fielden, anticipating a change in the Mastership, gave notice to the Hunt staff. A few days later arrangements were made for Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. Fielden to carry on, but in the meantime the services of Littleworth had been quickly snapped up by the Master of the Holderness. Still, in Champion, the Warwickshire have a new huntsman who promises decidedly well. During the best hunt of the day it was unfortunate that hounds had to be stopped just when they were on excellent terms with their fox. He undoubtedly saved his brush by running into the foot-and-mouth disease area, where he could not be followed on account of existing regulations.

With the Badminton

IT was a kindly thought which prompted the Duke of Beaufort to fix the opening meet of the Badminton an hour earlier than usual so as to give the schoolboys home for half-term an extra opportunity of seeing sport with hounds. The Duke does not lose sight of the fact that the schoolboy of to-day will be the hunt-subscriber of to-morrow, and the encouragement he gives to the youngsters is a pattern for other M.F.H.'s to follow. The Prince of Wales had keenly looked forward to seeing the Badminton at work on their opening days, but that damaged ankle has inevitably changed his arrangements for the time being. A fall on to the hard high road is no laughing matter. I remember such an accident proving fatal to that popular fellow, Sidney Gandy, and I have seen other deplorable falls in similar circumstances. H.R.H., therefore, was lucky to escape with nothing worse than an injured ankle. We hope to see him in the saddle again in a few days. Meanwhile the Duke of York has seen good sport in the Quorn and other Midland countries, while Prince Henry has been enjoying his first experience with the York and Ainsty.

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Combat the dingy film. Do it as millions now are doing—in this scientific way. Then the prettier teeth you see everywhere now will come to you and yours.

The cloudy film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. When not combated, it forms coats which are the basis of tartar. Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Those cloudy teeth rob millions of much beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Ways to end it

Film has been the great tooth-problem. Old methods did not end it. So well-brushed teeth discoloured and decayed. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Careful people the world over now see and feel the results.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, made to meet modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

Five new effects

Pepsodent brings five effects which science now demands. One is to multiply the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth before they ferment and form acids. One is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing mouth acids which may cause tooth decay. It leaves the teeth so highly polished that film less easily clings.

All five effects come from every application. So film, starch and acids are constantly combated. Forces are created which night and day fight enemies of teeth.

To countless homes, all the world over, this has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. The results will be life-lasting.

Send the coupon. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will surprise and convince you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE
The New-Day Dentifrice
A scientific way to combat film—to keep teeth whiter, cleaner, sounder, without harm. All chemists and druggists supply it in two sizes, 1/3 and 2/-
South African distributors: VERRINDER, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824 Johannesburg, to whom South African residents may send coupon.

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10-DAY TUBE FREE
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—
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Address.....
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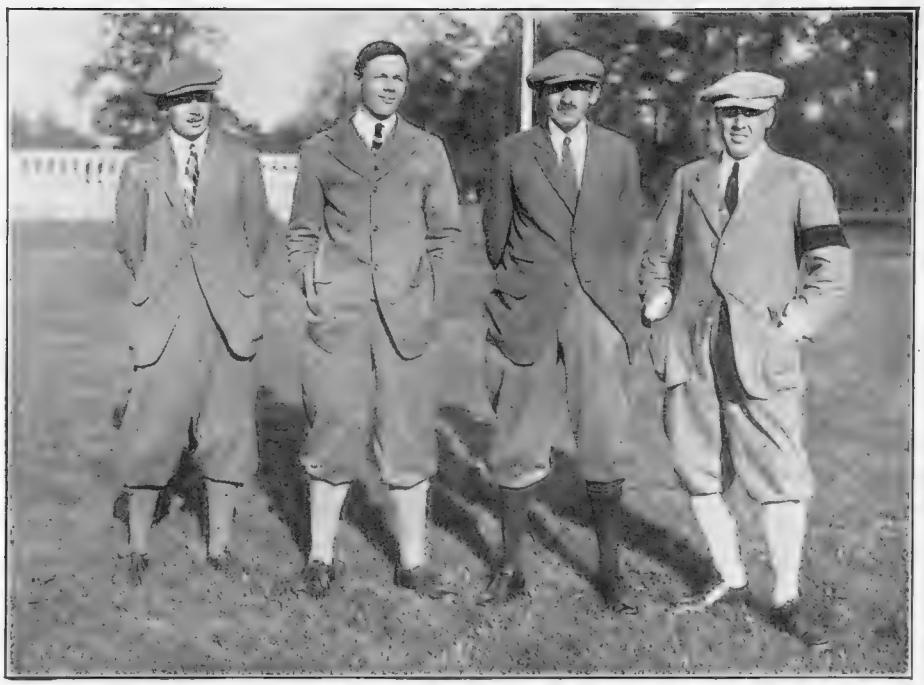
Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.
The Bystander, 15/11/1922



THE TOP FOURSOME AT STOKE POGES

In the match between Cambridge University and Stoke Poges. Reading from the left E. F. Storey and H. K. Goadby (C.U.) were beaten by 5 and 3 by Bernard Darwin and G. L. Mellin. Stoke Poges always makes it a point of honour to raise a team of "tigers" against the 'Varsities and on this occasion Cambridge were beaten in Singles and Foursomes by 11 matches to 4. But Goadby, the Cambridge captain, had the satisfaction of halving his match with the great Tolley

E. H. NEWMAN (Lancing and Oriel)

Winner of the 100 yds. race at the Oxford University Freshmen's Sports in 10 4-5th sec. —a good time under unfavourable conditions. He also tied for second place in the high jump

A. M. MITCHELL (Eton and University)

Winner of the High Jump at the Oxford University Freshmen's Sports. He cleared 5 ft. 6 in.

Photographs

"PLUS ONE"

Miss Joyce Wethered, the first lady golfer to gain a "plus" handicap. She did it by returning the fine score of 75 for her round of the Guildford course at the recent L. G. U. meeting. Needless to say, it won her the scratch prize

CLIFTON'S NEW COACH

George Thompson, famous as a "general utility" man for Northants, has been appointed to the vacancy as cricket coach at Clifton College caused by the retirement of John Tunnicliffe, of Yorkshire, after many years of faithful service

Sport and General

J. B. BLAGDEN (Rugby and B.N.C.)

Winner of the three-mile race in the Oxford Seniors Sports by about 120 yards. It is, therefore, conceivable that he might have done a better time than 19 min. 4 sec. if he had been at all pressed

MOST OF THE PLAYERS

But not quite all of them, who played in the County "Rugger" match at Richmond between Surrey and Hampshire last Wednesday, won by Hampshire by 16 points to 6. The Surrey players are wearing ringed jerseys and stockings. The match is commented upon in an article on County football by "H.S.S." on page 460

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

TWO TACKLERS ARE BETTER THAN ONE—

—Where H. L. V. Day is concerned. Day, who plays for the Army, England, Leicester, and Hampshire (when not otherwise engaged) contributed not a little to Hampshire's victory above recorded. His number (3) is alone visible, and two Surrey players have evidently realised the importance of putting him down

Photographs

FOUR KEEN COMPETITORS

In the Hertfordshire Ladies' Golf Tournament at Sandy Lodge. Their names reading from left to right are: Mrs. Kneller, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Haygarth Brown and Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Haygarth Brown was the winner on the second day of the Hertfordshire Cup with the best net score of 93—19=74. The Aggregate Competition for the two days was won by Mrs. Church Bliss with 157

Sport and General and C. N. Ealy

TWO OF THE BEST

The Hon. Cecil Campbell and D. M. Greig (right) at the Brent Bridge Tournament at Hendon, where they met on level terms in the handicap last Thursday. Just by way of a change Campbell, who had previously been beaten twice by Greig, was the winner

CANINE CONSIDERATIONS

Temperaments with Tails to Them

BY "THE KENNELMAN." *Illustrated by NICOLSON*

I SUPPOSE we bipeds are apt to fancy we possess a monopoly of many qualities which, in fact, we share with all sorts of other beings, from jelly-fish to jaguars. What we call "temperament," for instance—any amount of it among Dogs, I can assure you. (Did you know, by the way, that various forms of hysteria are among diseases to which canine vets. have to give close study? It's so.)

The housekeeper at our place is a charming old dame, with more black silk and gold chain dignity than any dowager I ever saw, but with no more understanding of Dog-keeping than I have of Cabinet-making, in the Westminster sense. She cherished the quite common illusion about its being kind to give Dogs "just what we have ourselves"; same sort of illusion that leads parents in some walks of life to administer fifty-seven varieties of pickles, and snacks of pigs' trotters and whelks or the like, to suckling babes. She has a Fox-terrier, who lives on a big hassock under the writing-table in her sitting-room, and shares all the anxieties of running the establishment.

The dear old lady's notions of Dog-feeding being what they are, you'll not be surprised that a saucer of milk is kept beside Robin's hassock. The other evening I saw a mouse sitting up on its hunkers beside the saucer, alternately sipping and wiping its moustaches, while Robin watched from the far side of the hassock, shuddering all over from the same sort of fearful repulsion some humans feel in the presence of cats, or spiders, beetles, or slugs, etc.—shrinking, shivering terror. Out for a run with the Hounds and me the other day the same Robin went crazy with hunting excitement over the crossed trails of a fox and a rabbit. Robin's battle with the village butcher's big Airedale is now historic; and if the referees hadn't forcibly intervened in the seventeenth round, I'm really not quite sure that the Airedale mightn't have been counted out. But the near-by playing of a gramophone afflicts Robin with an absolute palsy of fear, and will actually make him sick—not just "poorly," but out-and-out sick—if he can't escape it.

I've known Hounds perfect in pluck, endurance, and sticking it, who could be upset for a whole day

AN UNCANNY MEMORY

by being shouted at once, and changed from hearty, cheery sportsmen into sullen, suspicious misanthropes, *for a month on end*, as the result of a single curse, and welt over the shoulder with a lead. The sensitiveness and long memory of many Bloodhounds, for example, are uncanny; and I know a Pekinese who, loving all men, especially women, will fly, snarling, at anyone who approaches him nearly *with gloves on*. No objection that I know of to chain armour or jazz dresses; but gloves mean homicidal frenzy to him.

The development of the interest in Whippets as companions and Show Dogs would seem to have gone farther than I knew. Kensington, Hampstead, Tunbridge Wells and other correspondents must try to excuse, but I can't get space to give a monograph on this breed. Address enquiries to Mr. B. S. Fitter, 4, The Grangeway, Grange Park, N.21, and see the new, very up-to-date edition of Freeman Lloyd's *The Whippet or Race-Dog*; comprehensive, illustrated, cheap, practical—it really fills the bill, and in chapters on the Whippet as Show Dog and as companion, answers more than all the questions sent me.

I entirely agree with the naval officer who writes from Plymouth regarding our backwardness in the matter of the police use of Dogs. One hundred and fifty trained police Dogs are rendering invaluable service to public security in Berlin, and foreign authorities as far off as Peking are buying trained Alsatians and other Dogs from Germany for such service. Canine intelligence being the keen, active, *questing* quality it is, Dogs not only excel in this kind of work (as in war-work), but love it. All park-keepers—to take a single instance—should have trained Dogs; much more useful and important for them than for University Proctors! The K.C. (in common with the French and Belgian equivalents to our own Kennel Club) is dead right in declining official recognition to the offspring of crosses between Alsatians and wolves. Wolf and dingo and jackal crosses are retrogressive and a mistake, so far as I've seen. The taint's ineradicable. These beasts are *not* Dogs; far less so than zebras are horses.

Many Dogs of high degree having electioneering engagements for to-day, the L.K.A. wisely postponed its Show till next Wednesday. Bristol Show, on the 29th, will be worth seeing; and a run down to Brighton for its Championship Dog Show (in the big Drill Hall near the station) will make a jolly excursion for lots of Dog-lovers. There are some magnificent Dogs (and Hounds) in Brighton, and in Sussex generally.

My Boss has gone to the Riviera, and by next week I hope to have had some news from him about Dogs in that favoured locality.

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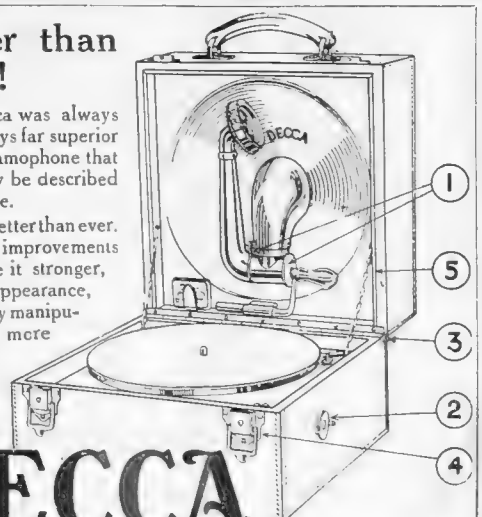

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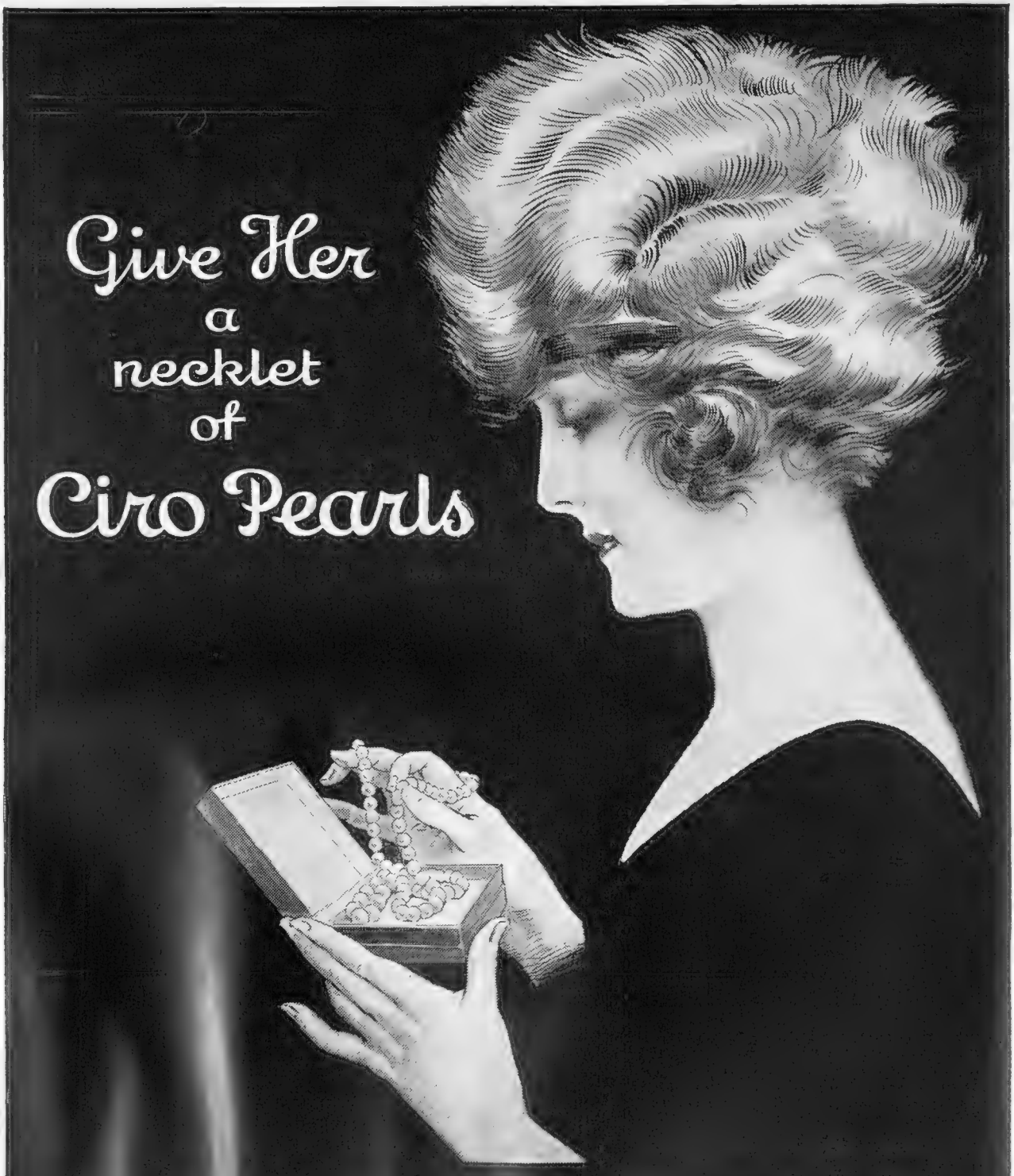
Give Her a necklet of Ciro Pearls



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Ciro Pearls cannot be bought anywhere in the Provinces.

Femina

FEMININE POLITICS. By "CANDIDA"

REAMS have been written on the subject of feminine politics, especially to explain why they've no business to exist. This hasn't daunted us in the least, nor detracted from the pleasant importance of having, for the first time, a finger in the political pie. And I've come to the conclusion, now that most of the preliminary talking's done, that a politician is born, not made, and that he's just as likely to be born of one sex as of another.

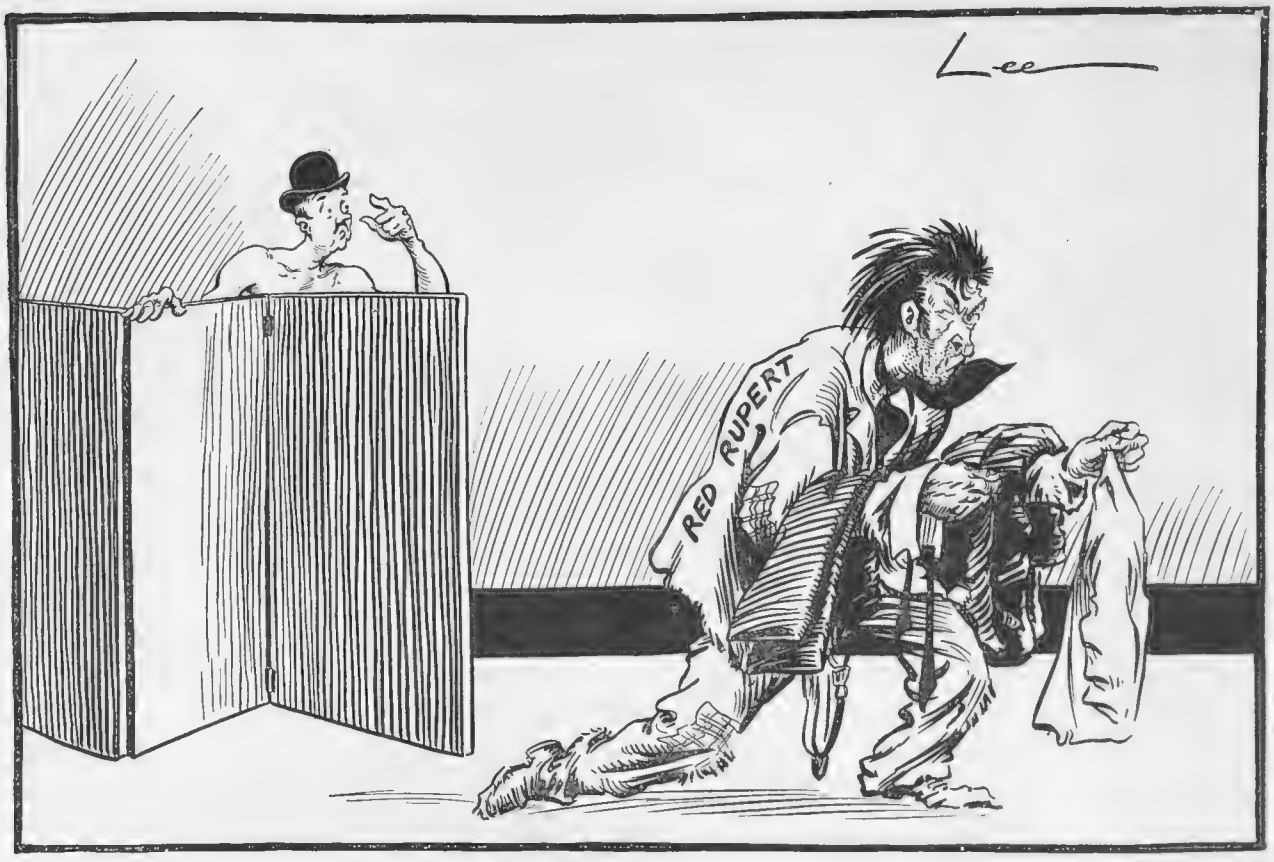
I DON'T find my opinion shared. The idea is that a woman's point of view—for obscure psychological reasons, often hinted at, but not properly explained, chiefly because they won't hold water—is always a personal one. It can't take in the world, but only the little village where it came from. There's no large loftiness about her outlook, none of the gift of vision, etc., etc. Well, well, I have yet to meet the man whose outlook has no taint of earth and earth's relationships about it. Perhaps the archangels would make politicians of the proper sort, but it's difficult to tell, and, anyway, there's no voting done in Heaven.

OF course, we don't believe a word when the poor dear men, who are afraid of not having it all their own way any more, insist on this personal bias. We're provincial, they say, and by provincial they mean that our interest is restricted to our own affairs and those of our next-door neighbour's. We're bound to be a failure in a world where they "think in continents." But what are continents? Just a lot of land instead of a little land, but fundamentally the same thing in lands. What are national affairs but personal affairs *en masse?* What's a nation but a huge collection of persons, and is the collective brain any more noble than the individual brain? Less, if anything. In short, he who thoroughly knows himself, knows his neighbour and his country and his world.

STILL, I do think that we're a bit handicapped in the political game, but not for the reasons aforesaid. What's most in the way of our success is our habit of—intrigue, shall we say? Intrigue's a hard word; in the best circles they call it diplomacy. For years, ages, centuries, ever since time was, women have ruled by getting round someone who was supposed to do the ruling. Sometimes it was done from the highest motives, Sybil-fashion, all wisdom and inspiration, for the good of all the world. Sometimes it was just Delilah-wise for the benefit of one small feminine soul in particular.

IF there's a game that's not worth its candle it's that of being top-dog with all the other dogs waiting for their opportunity to pounce. It's that of being well in the lime-light with everybody's glasses focussed on your every movement. Does anybody ever know the truth about a public man or woman? Never, least of all the man himself. Centuries afterwards some student of human affairs digs him up (mentally, of course) and throws the light of research on his poor bones. He gives him a new dress in the way of a character with extra frills for a sanctity which he never had, or a villainy that wasn't his, either. He's got to be the sort of man the student thinks he must have been to fit into his part. The past is always picturesque: the saints were so very white, the sinners so very black, and the fun of the situation is to turn the sinner into a saint and *vice-versa*. Someone's always discovering how the hardened old monsters of history were really model sons and husbands and within an ace of being saints. It spoils the picturesqueness of history to rob it of its villains and makes us feel that we've not progressed after all, now that we're too civilised, or too cowardly, to be Machiavellis and Borgias. But if these gentlemen were really respectable citizens, except for one little kink, where are we? What politician hasn't got his kink? Let him throw the first stone.

"POOR PUSSY!" By W. E. WIGFULL



By Joe Lee

WHEN LABOUR RULES

Plainman: "Hi! You've forgotten my hat!!!"

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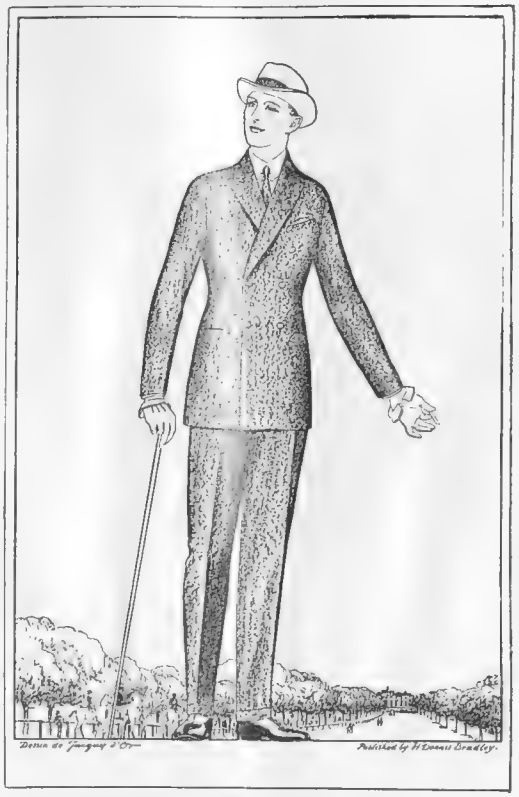

RACING.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AS a spectacular sport racing is not only pre-eminent, it is unique. It provides a thrill peculiarly its own; it creates an emotion incomparable to any other; an emotion that in a few seconds runs its whole gamut; and the psychology of the racing crowd is unique. The real love of horses is the nearest thing akin to human love. The magnificent spirit with which they strive to do their best is a lesson to humanity.

It is not the material side of racing that really counts—the winning or the losing should be relatively incidental; only the fool stakes more than he can spare—it is the exhilaration, the flesh and blood, the life, the spirit of the struggle that is of value.

Those who in their narrow minds neither understand nor appreciate the beauty and value of racing, and regard it as a thing of evil, are sterile of imagination. Those fearful ones, who hide their fears behind the mask of sanctity, should stand aside, regard their imperfections, and blush

To gamble, in love, life limbs or lucre, is instinctively human and adds a zest to life. In variety of forms and situations, the open air, the green sward of the racecourse have a far cleaner and more natural appeal to the senses than the fetid atmosphere and the green cloth of the tables at Monte Carlo, the lists of the bridge club, or the lusts of the political arena. The blood courses through the veins in unison and sympathy with the horse, whilst the turn of a card or the spin of a ball is materialism naked but inanimate.

* * * * * * *

Incidentally there is little element of gambling in the clothes production at Pope and Bradley's. The House stands alone in Europe to-day. Incompetence may suffice to clothe the herd, but only an artist can clothe the elect Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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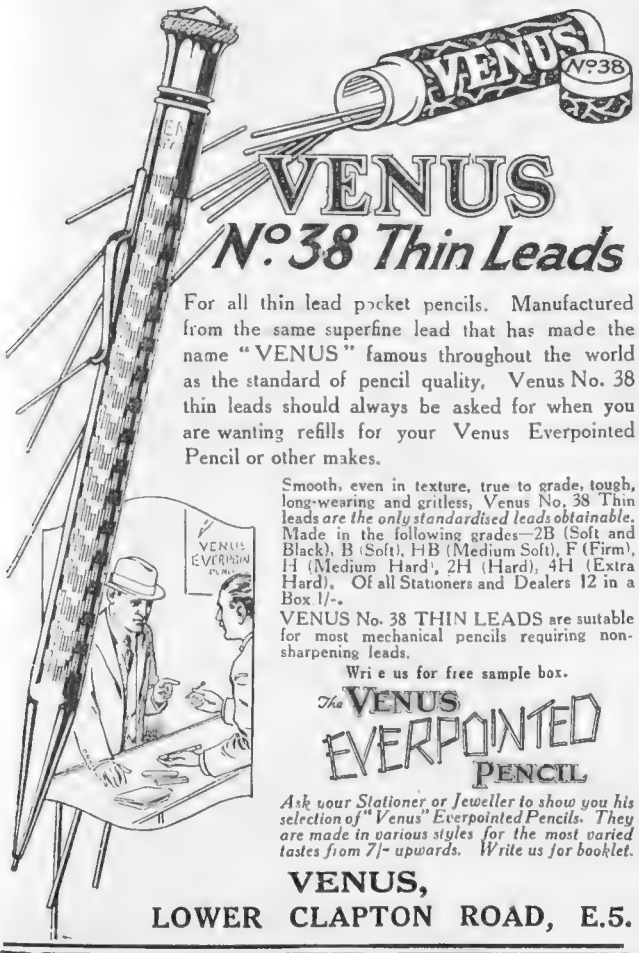

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King Henry the seaventh gave a Commission to John Cabot & his three sonnes who setting sayle from the port of Bristol ranged a great part of this unknowne world in the yeare 1497. By them the mainland of North America was discovered: one year before Columbus saw the Continent. Thus from those early days till now the famous port of Bristol has been associated with the sailings of merchants and adventurers. Thence John and Sebastian Cabot and many Merchant Venturers sailed and thither Washington sent his Virginian Tobacco in the year 1759. Famous too through the House of Wills who there for many years have made the "Three Castles" Cigarettes – thence they are shipped to the satisfaction of discriminating smokers all the world over.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "Three Castles." *W.M. Thackeray — "The Virginians."*

"The THREE CASTLES"

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The Cigarette with the Pedigree

T.C.42

W. D & H. O. WILLS

Bristol & London ENGLAND

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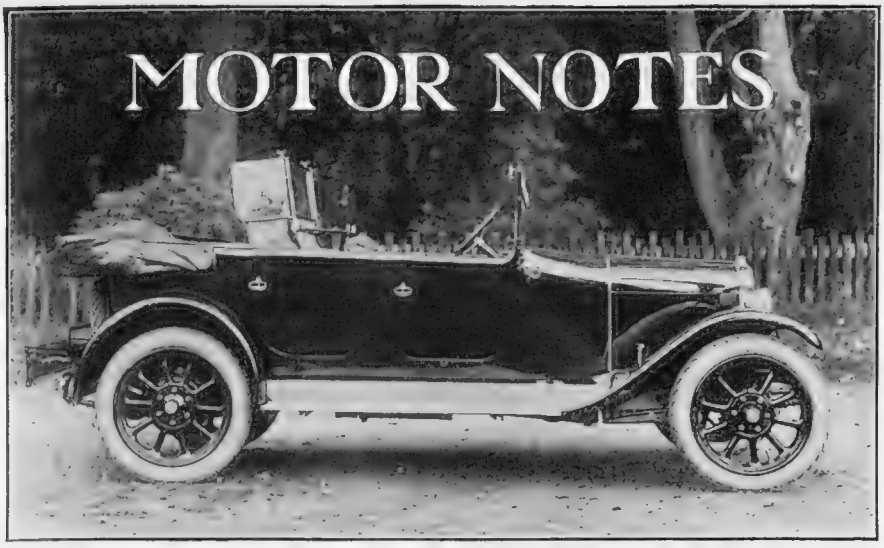
MOTOR NOTES



THE AUSTIN TWELVE

The ideal touring car for the family man, who must motor economically. Roomy, comfortable, speedy, long wearing and efficient in every respect

POLITICS, propaganda, and all the paraphernalia of the election of a new Parliament! So that it is not wonderful that the motor industry is joining the band of those shouting to the electors, "Give us British tyres." It is sad to relate that the imports of tyres from January to September this year amounted in value to £2,892,816, all because no Government has had the sense to place tyres in the same category as motor-cars with a 33⅓ per cent. import duty as was really intended. Consequently, the British tyre industry is asking the electors to vote only for candidates who will give this matter due attention. One out of every nine rubber workers is drawing the dole to-day for this reason, while the number of textile workers similarly placed is greater still since the labour costs in the manufacture of cord fabric or canvas used for the casing of a pneumatic tyre are greater than upon the tyre itself as a finished article. The whole Motor Show rang with strong expressions on this subject, and opinions were generally voiced that, though the British tyre makers' pioneering work has made possible the present road vehicle, if something is not done to restrict "dumping" foreign tyres to this country the British-made tyre will in a few years cease to exist.

* * *

WHEN the Royal Automobile Club gave a luncheon recently in order to ask the Fourth Estate to give publicity to its questionaire to the various candidates for Parliament whether they would support some scheme of motor taxation reform, Sir Arthur Stanley, who presided, stated his fear was that "every candidate would agree with its three questions"—so that possibly nothing would be done. The whole pity of it is that no one seems to have the courage to state that motorists can no longer afford to have over £10,000,000 taken from their pockets to maintain the roads. To provide the same depletion of funds is equally to hurt the industry, however the means of taxation, whether horse-power tax, fuel tax, weight-plus-speed tax, *ad valorem* tax or any other system.

* * *

PERHAPS the worst of all would be a fuel tax as, though theoretically just, it is practically the most unjust. I should welcome it for I would then escape paying any tax at all, and yet still run my car its seven or eight thousand miles per annum. Other poor motorists who may not be so favourably placed to dodge a fuel tax will have to pay 20 per cent. more taxes to the fuel companies, who will charge them an extra 1*d.* per gallon for paying the motorists' taxes *in advance* to the Government. And who can blame them for a very ordinary business procedure? In any case, bad as petrol has been since the War, compared to the pre-war quality, it will quickly become worse than it is in America if a fuel tax is placed upon it. But there! perhaps the electric vehicle is being insidiously boomed, and we have not yet discovered it. Such funny things happen nowadays.

* * *

IT is a refreshing business, is this motor trade, full of dinners and such like functions in Show-time, but one of the most cheery affairs is the annual dinner of the motor cycling racing "cracks," the British Motor-Cycling Racing Club members. It was held last night at the Holborn Restaurant, and as many new records have been produced since its last annual function, including the actual 100 miles in an hour speed round a full lap of the Brooklands' track, so there were many bumpers all round, and rightly deserved, too. Hon. Sec. Loughborough, Freddy Barnes, George Reynolds, and "Ebby," our only timekeeper, are to be congratulated with the other officials on the wonderful vitality of this club.

* * *

THE progress in the modern motor-cycle is greatly due to their efforts, including the youthful Professor Low, and as the coming Motor-Cycle Exhibition, which opens at Olympia on Saturday, November 25, is going to show complete machines, pukka jiggers, at £28 complete, the public are greatly indebted to their trying out performances. For these B.M.C.R.C. boys risk their necks to save the public chancing theirs in testing the machines before they are put upon the market.

* * *

THE lighter weight motor-cycles of to-day are really frequently able to compete, as regards speed and reliability, with their heavier rivals, and, of course, they have this supreme advantage that their consumption of petrol and oil is at least half that of the two-cylinder machines. A series of excursions on a 2¼ h.p. Raleigh, with sidecar attached, convinced me of the sterling values of this "little" machine. Where speed was concerned it could hold and pass the majority of motor-cycles on the road, and once an indignant Rolls-Royce was left behind. This, mark you, with a passenger in the sidecar and no light mount on the bike itself—not too bad for a small 2¼ h.p. Mention of the passing by of the super-car reminds me that in one respect the Raleigh is rather similar

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An original and striking method of drawing people's attention to A.R.M. Tyres. These history easels are being placed all over the country

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

to the King of Cars, for you may remain on "top" through the most troublous vicissitudes in the traffic without the necessity of changing to second or the harm of a straining engine. The Raleigh cycle a long time ago secured priority in the world of push-wheels, and their motor-cycle has also the reputation of demanding from its owner no more attention than an occasional clean. Raleighs don't go wrong; they're built for strenuous service and maximum efficiency; they give it you.

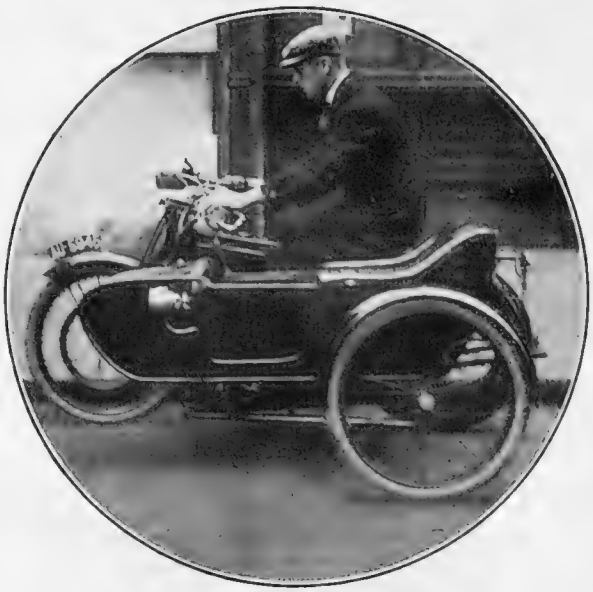
***

DAYLIGHT saving having been succeeded by the dark era of nightlight burning, this combination was generously armed with lamps by Allen-Liversidge, Ltd., and their special "Fallolite" equipment, which certainly provides a better light than the usual acetylene process. The gas for their "Fallolite" lamp is derived from a portable cylinder of dissolved acetylene, the cylinder being readily attachable to any part of the machine. Points of purchase about these lamps are that their gas consumption is (under test) one-third that of the ordinary acetylene lamp, and that by the introduction of an incandescent pastille a steady, never-blow-out, non-dazzling light. For cars as well as motor-cycles the "Fallolite" can be equally recommended for its low cost and high efficiency.

***

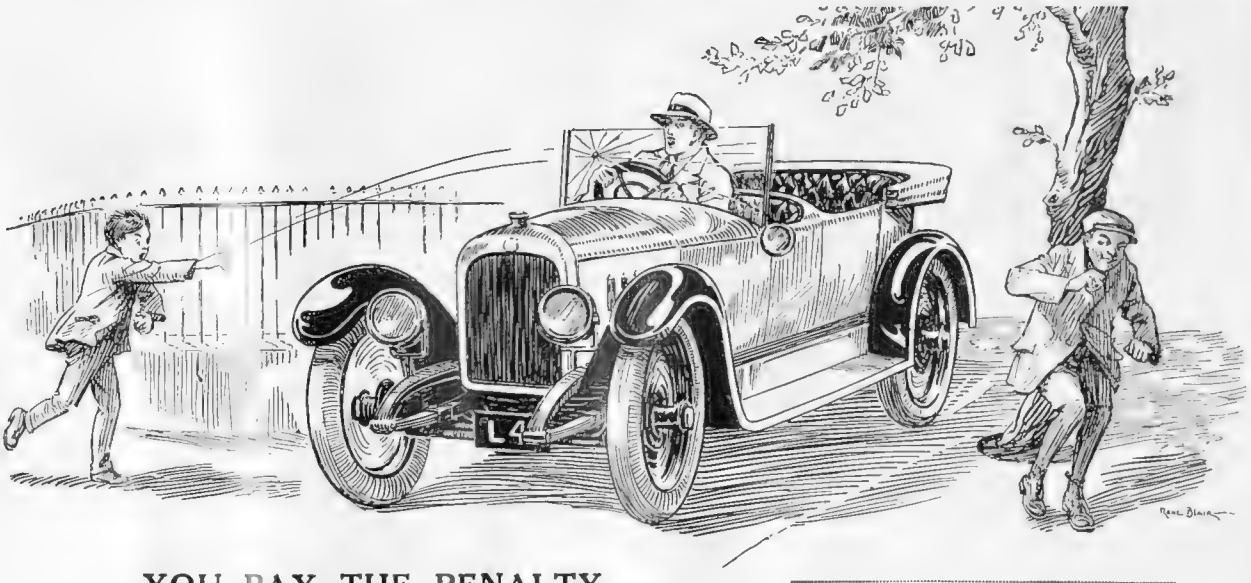
PERHAPS the pressed steel frame of the new 10 h.p. Lancia was the greatest novelty at the Show, for this structure embraced the body skeleton as well as the chassis members in one pressing, with a sort of tunnel for the propeller-shaft, and recesses for hood and luggage, so that all the coach builder had to add was the panels and cushions. The Bignan 12 h.p. had a new engine without springs to close the valves, hydraulic suspension, and four wheel brakes on the combined Servo, Hallot and Perrot principles. Which reminds me in the scurry of the Motor Show, I stated, in error, that the 15.9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston cars have central control. As a matter of fact, they have always retained the right-hand change. The four-cylinder air-cooled small car shown at Paris, called the S.A.R.A., with overhead valves and forced air draught by fan over the valves, with battery ignition, rated at 9.5 h.p., had no fabric joints, and looked as if it was well sprung. Its cost was given as 9,950 francs as a two-seater, which appeared too expensive to me to import to England with the duty to be added, considering what we can build at home. In fact, England can give four-cylinder water-cooled cars at the same price, and air-cooled cars are not as popular with us because we get so little severe weather to worry about in winter time, yet I rather expected to see it at the White City, but it was absent.

OLD HY.



A RALEIGH COMBINATION

A 2¾ h.p. Raleigh and sidecar, one of the best of the lighter machines, and one that will surely attract many buyers at the Motor Cycle Show next week



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THE character and dignity of the 40-50 H.P. Six-cylinder Napier, combined with its exceptional road performance, has made it a vogue with the élite.

"The Motor" of August 22nd says :—

"The car has a dignified appearance which makes it a mark for the gaze of even casual onlookers. For traffic work the top gear acceleration of the car is truly remarkable, but its hill-climbing powers on the open road are still more amazing."

Why not exchange your present car for a 40-50 H.P. NAPIER?

As satisfactory and reliable on the road as the NAPIER aero engine is in the air.

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"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

THE variable conditions of road and weather at this season of the year impose severe tests upon the qualities of a car—but the 12 h.p. ROVER Saloon illustrated will prove its superiority. It may be purchased with every confidence to provide comfort in service and absolute dependability—real carriage comfort under all climatic conditions. Many improvements in the chassis have been effected for 1923, a new engine developing considerably more horse-power is fitted, giving greater liveliness and more speed to the car. The lubrication of the engine has been altered to pressure feed.

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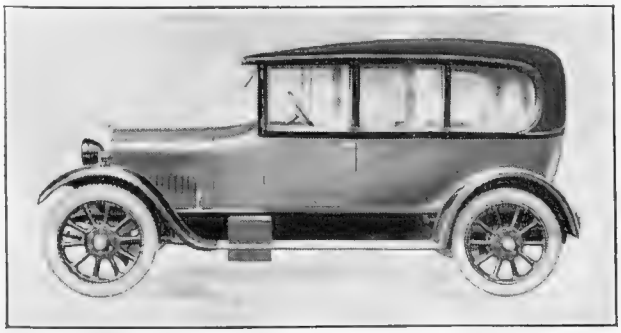

The 12 h.p. ROVER SALOON. Price £775.

The perfect enclosure afforded by the Overland close fitting storm curtains gives the maximum degree of comfort and meets every requirement of all-weather satisfaction.

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BRITISH BUILT

A CAR OF DISTINCTION £350

Every detail of the 1923 British-built Overland 2-3 seater is worthy of the excellence which has always characterised Overland Cars.

Every unit has been designed for convenience and practical utility. Consider the permanent dickey seat—it gives this model, touring car capacity, although intended primarily for those who want normally to seat only two.

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Completely equipped with rigid all-weather side curtains, complete tool kit, supply of spares, five Dunlop steel wheels, and five Fisk tyres.

1923 PRICES.

British-Built Model All Weather Touring Car	£365	Standard Model Touring Car	£268
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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MRS. PERRIN must be tired of being told that no other woman-writer can bring Anglo-India so vividly before the reader's eye. At once in the little and the much bigger things of life as seen by the European, her pen never falters. And she remains very faithful to her first love. True, there are English scenes in her new novel, *The Mound* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), but for the most part the background is Indian. The mound itself is an uncomfortable sort of place, supposed to contain some relic of the Buddha himself, on a property which comes the way of a not too pleasant Englishman called Stanford. He might never have known of his inheritance had it not been for Leila Wylde, whose step-father, a retired Indian medical man, had been entrusted with the task of finding the heir.

THE two young people met fortuitously enough, and for a while you wonder a little at Mrs. Perrin allowing the heroine to become even "friends" with the man, for she is decidedly nice, whereas he is not. Love, however, can do much for a man, and when Stanford prepares to exile himself on his Indian property, and wipe out a regrettable past, you hope that he will succeed. Succeed he does, but not before many strange and exciting things have happened, and many difficulties have been overcome. I could have wished for more of the heroine, but the Indian scenes, with the little girl native, who, I feared, was going to give more trouble than she does, are ample compensation.

Photograph *Enid Oldham*

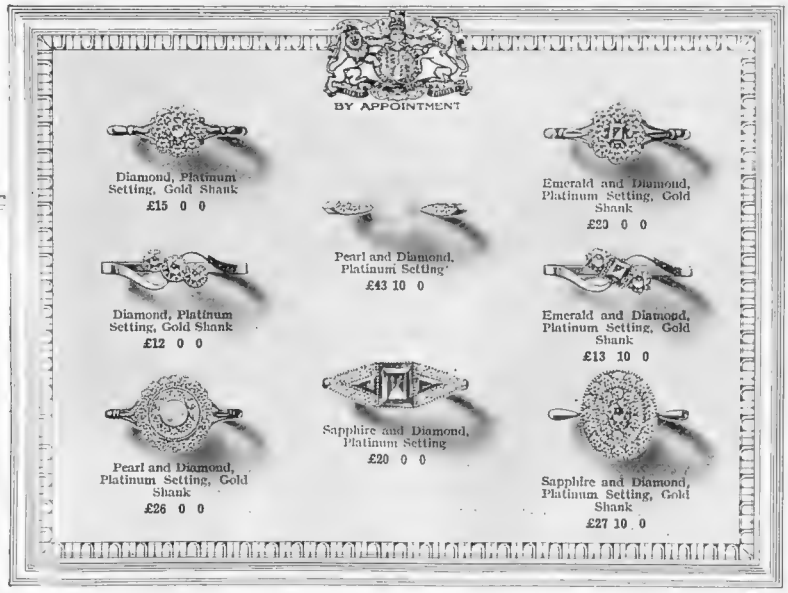
MRS. PERRIN—AUTHORESS OF "THE MOUND"

This well-known novelist's latest book (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net) is reviewed on this page. It is about Anglo-Indian life, of which the author knows much

BESIDES being a politician Lord Gorell is also a poet of distinction and a by no means amateurish detective-story teller. *In the Night* was a good sample of what he could do, and his latest, *D.E.Q.* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a remarkably clever story (written very graciously, by the way) with an entirely unexpected ending—so unexpected, indeed, as to cause you to turn back for a possible flaw. But the flaw is not there. The author, moreover, has invented a new sort of detective—none other than the gentlest of old ladies, the heroine's companion, whose knitting seems the most important thing in her life until her beloved's *fiancé* is falsely accused of a mysterious murder. Then she "gets busy" with a vengeance, and it is to be hoped that more will be told of this Miss Olley and her quiet little ways.

YOU cannot help being keenly interested in the ex-Kaiser's *apologia*, even though there is hardly a paragraph with which you do not desire to join issue.

(*Continued on page* 484



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LADIES' FUR-BACKED GLOVES, lined wool, best leather palms. Nat Real Musquash 37/6. Finest Seal Coney 29/6. Mole or Beaver Coney 28/9.

NATURAL CONEY FUR GLOVES, lined wool, tan cape palms, well and strongly made, for Ladies or Gentlemen.

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Price, per pair **25/9**
Outsize, 1/- extra.

Also in same shape, V-neck, short sleeves, untrimmed. **23/9**
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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

My Memoirs, 1878-1918 (Cassell: 25*s.* net), in the hands of a person wholly ignorant of recent history, might appear to be the work of a singularly modest leader of men, consistently forced to be grossly misunderstood, a man who invariably saw further than his advisers, and was always proved to have been in the right—when it was too late. In his book, indeed, the ex-Kaiser appears as a democrat, ambitious for Germany, though never for himself, forced to send telegrams to Kruger against his inclinations, entirely in the hands of his Chancellors, constitutionally unable to have his own way. The wicked Allies appear unmistakably responsible for the war, and, if he had had his own way, the aforetime War Lord would have died fighting at the head of his troops, instead of flying to a neighbouring country. For all that, his book is really worth reading, if only because the white-washing has been laid on with so cunning and agreeable a brush.

❀

Miss Rosa Macaulay revels in her own cleverness. She has an eye for a good joke, and the superior person's delight in the folly of others. Her *Mystery at Geneva* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is an agreeable farce, which centres about a meeting of the League of Nations, a most serious body of men, as the writer is careful to point out, doing very good work, yet one at which it is not illegitimate for a superior person to tilt. And so you have a nasty League of Villains kidnapping the Chief Delegates in all manner of unexpected ways. But these wretches do not succeed, for the League of Nations is saved, not by a flaming genius sent down from Heaven to succour the world, but by one of those British Permanent Officials whom the superior person so often feels called on to attack. And here, I admit, Miss Macaulay has the best of the joke. In fact, it is all very good fun, and mightily shrewd.

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

MISS OLIVE GOFF

Who is giving a recital at the Æolian Hall to-day, Wednesday, November 15. Last season she secured a big success, and her soprano voice was much admired by the critics

❀

All Etonians, and many others, will find a warm corner in their hearts for Mr. Eric Parker's story, *Playing Fields* (P. Allan: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). School-stories multiply exceedingly: some are controversial and arouse columns of protest; others are written primarily for boys. Mr. Parker's book will be to the liking of everybody. Rarely can a school-story have covered so much ground. Every sport has its place, and even a mere Harrovian will not object to Mr. Parker's account of the greatest of all cricket matches. It is just a plain account of an ordinary boy—well, not quite ordinary, perhaps, because he is a Colleger instead of an Oppidan, and he is neither a wet-bob nor a dry-bob. But he does well enough, and you follow his career from private school through Eton to the University with the greatest enjoyment. Eton has her own way of doing things, but Mr. Parker makes allowances for the fact, and everything is set out very clearly and well. In fact, I can heartily recommend the book either as a present for boys or as a story for grown-ups. Mr. Harvey's eight illustrations, moreover, deserve more than a word of praise. R. S.

May she ask him in?

The problem is:—They were introduced at a dance recently. Now he has walked home with her and has given her a beautiful box of "Viking" Assorted Chocolates—evidently a man of good judgment and discriminating taste. Surely there would be no harm in introducing him to the family?

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Give your idea (in not more than 50 words) of what she may do and why: add your name and address, clearly written, and attach to it a ticket to be found in any 1-lb. or ½-lb. box of Barker and Dobson "Viking" Chocolates Assorted.

£2 2s., £1 1s., 10/6 and 5/- boxes of chocolates will be given for the best answers received not later than December 30. Mark envelope in left-hand corner "Bystander Problem." Our decision final.

Barker & Dobson, Ltd., Everton, Liverpool.

"Viking" Chocolates are sold in ¼-lb., 1-lb., and 2-lb. boxes at 2/6, 5/- and 10/-. Also by weight at 1/3 per ¼ lb.

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Nothing but the very finest material is used in the manufacture of this Settee, and Harrods have produced at the new lower price levels Easy Chairs and Settees built for comfort, and with long-wearing propensities

For the enduring service it yields, its handsome appearance, its perfect springing, for all those things hidden from the view no less than for the outward and visible signs, Harrods Upholstery stands in a class all its own and gives truest satisfaction.

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should be attended to now. The heavy pressure of the Season may cause unavoidable delays later on and, while we can offer an exceptionally quick service, we do urge our patrons to send their orders as soon as possible.

The perfect results of cleaning and dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way" make it the most satisfactory service available in this country, and yet our charges are very moderate indeed. Free estimates and advice with address of nearest Branch or Agent gladly sent on request.

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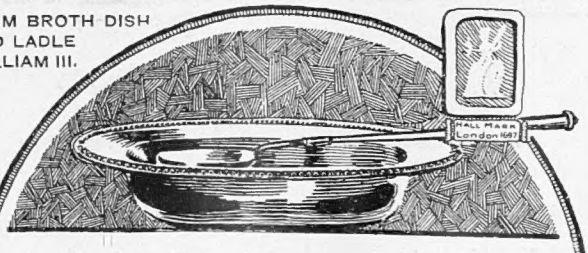
PLUM BROTH DISH AND LADLE WILLIAM III.



Plum Broth Dish and Ladle, 1697.

Whether it be the old plum broth dish of 1697, or the modern silver of the twentieth century; the finest hand chased design, or the more modest electro plate; the entrée dish or a silver spoon; the one polish which brings out in each its greatest measure of attractiveness is

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH.

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Progressive System of Infant Feeding is modelled on Nature and provides a food adapted to each particular phase of baby's growing digestive powers.

For the first three months of age 'Allenburys' No. 1 Milk Food—which closely resembles mother's milk—is employed. From 3 to 6 months 'Allenburys' No. 2 Food, containing additional nutritive material is used. After six months of age, a further stage is reached when the developing digestive capacities of the child call for 'Allenburys' No. 3 Malted Food—the first step towards solid food.

Write for a copy of the 'Allenburys' book on 'Infant Feeding and Management' (free) and a sample of food suited to the age of your baby. Please state baby's age.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Fur Coats for Fashionable Women

THE integrity of a house is, or should be, the first consideration with those about to spend even a moderate amount on furs; and even more so when the sum is appreciable, as it necessarily must be in the case of a full length fur coat.

There is so much rubbish being sold it is simply asking for trouble to make such a purchase at an unknown establishment, particularly when we have long-standing houses like Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Road, a firm that cannot afford to risk a valuable reputation, even supposing they desired to do so—a procedure that is unthinkable where these people are concerned.

In every regard Shoolbreds name stands for soundness, and the exceedingly ably conducted fur *salon* leaves nothing to be desired either in quality or price. They appear to have been especially happy this season in striking the mean between the ultra modish and the ordinary in long wrap fur coats, and are showing a range of models that, while appealing as absolutely right for the moment, are not likely to carry date.

Our artist has sketched one of these most covetable possessions which is built of seal coney, the best selected skins. To be noted is the handsome shawl-shaped collar, also the free cut of the sleeves, a lining throughout of lovely silk brocade adding a further note of attraction to a coat that is worth every penny of £52 10*s*.

Other styles run a seven-eighths length, some having collars of a contrasting fur, such as skunk, fox, etc. And in little furs there is an inexhaustible choice from the good quality wolf animal ties, kit, black and natural fox to *recherché* capelets of moleskin and handsome long skunk stoles.

Charm

THIS is no mere catchword, but a particularly comprehensive description of Luvisca. This material is charming to look at, to feel and to wear, while its durability is unequalled. The firm of Courtaulds certainly struck a valuable mine in this fabric, which for shirts, blouses, dresses, children's frocks, men's shirts and pyjamas has become a household word.

A BECOMING WRAP

An electric Seal Coat with a very deep shawl-shaped collar composed of fine strands of fur, also the free cut of the sleeves and a lining of silk brocade adds further attraction to this coat

Sketched at Shoolbreds by R. Kitson

The splendid wearing qualities of Luvisca are the outcome of great care and treatment carried throughout the manifold manufacturing processes. It is made of genuine artificial silk, hence the persuasive sheen that is one of Luvisca's chief attractions, and which prevents the surface from collecting dirt and dust as does a rougher texture. For office and hard knock-about wear there is nothing to equal a neat shirt of Luvisca.

The colours and patterns have always from the first been good and artistic, but they are now more beautiful than ever, and in far greater variety, all the leading drapers stocking the new tones in blue, gold and parma, etc. In addition to self shades, these have also been artistically combined in many pleasing striped effects. And one outstanding fact in connection with Luvisca that must not be overlooked is that it is entirely British made.

Novel All-in-One Yoke and Sleeves

TAILORING on the newest lines is always a sure find at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street, W., together with those novel and exclusive fabrics for which the house has so long been famed

For the useful circular cloak, that grows in favour every day, Kenneth Durward is employing a fascinating fleece wool material. It is rather heavy in appearance, but extraordinarily light in weight, and is especially attractive in oatmeal colouring, over-checked in a darker shade. The check, however, only reveals itself on close inspection owing to the soft, blankety depth of the stuff.

To slip on in the country at any odd moment, for travelling, and as the admirable stand-by wrap for Swiss sports this circular cloak is just perfection. Interiorly there are broad straps attached at either shoulder that cross in front and fasten at the back, a further splendid adjunct being a shawl-shaped collar, so modelled it can be closed right up to the throat by three buttons, the

fronts likewise closing at a low line with three more buttons. In a word, it is a thoroughly well thought out and eminently smart garment.

A certain very seductive, dark parsley shade of green is to be found figuring conspicuously in these showrooms, several whereof are checked and over-checked in black and orange, these contrasts being ingeniously woven to effect various patterns; and they make up into the most original and distinctive coats.

The house appears to be exceptionally well equipped also in suits that are at once neat and practical, and yet suitable for Town wear. The firm have for some time now been leading the van of fashion in this particular, and their name comes second to none for good taste and freshness of expression.

The example illustrated is finely representative of these all-round, useful coats and skirts; a model built in a dark tone of mole-coloured *velour de laine*, the straight coat mounted on to a clever yoke cut in one, with exceedingly clever sleeves, the latter slightly widening at the base. When this coat is held to the figure by a belt of its own material that fastens in front with a handsome, dark mother-o'-pearl clasp, the shapeliness accorded the figure by the combined influence of the yoke and sleeves is supremely good and attractive. A wolf animal tie, dyed as nearly as possible to tone with the velour, would add a finishing touch of infinite charm to a costume that is merely one of many similarly fashioned on nice and original lines.

A USEFUL COAT AND SKIRT

Built in a dark tone of mole-coloured velour de laine, the straight coat is mounted on to a clever yoke cut in one, with exceedingly clever sleeves, the latter slightly widening at the base

Sketched at Kenneth Durward's by Betty Nisbet

The *Ne Plus Ultra* in *Postiche* Work

COMPETITION never hurts or disturbs in the slightest degree the best. In fact, it is frequently helpful in assisting ordinary minds to appreciate the difference between that which is right and that which is wrong.

And prominent among those who invite and encourage the closest investigation of his "La Naturelle" transformations is M. Georges, 40 Buckingham Palace Road. These ingenious, exquisitely worked *postiche* pieces are above the reach of detection, the delicate, though extraordinarily firm, hair foundation on which the work is executed becoming part of the scalp; and any style of hairdressing can be arranged with either *toupet* or transformation, only the very finest qualities of hair being considered by M. Georges. Nevertheless, he continues to keep the prices quite moderate, the *toupets* ranging from 5 guineas, and the transformations from 12 guineas. A call at 40 Buckingham Palace Road, when convenient, is, naturally, the easiest and quickest way of negotiating the purchase of one of these invaluable adjuncts. But failing that, there is a catalogue *de luxe* that is replete with information, advice and prices.

THE COIFFURE PAR EXCELLENCE

The postiche work of M. Georges, of 40 Buckingham Palace Road, is so ingenious, so exquisitely worked, that it is immune from all possible detection. The hair foundation on which the work is executed becomes literally part of the scalp—thus assuring complete comfort

Quality of "Fife" Footwear

IT is on this sound basis the firm of A. T. Hogg, Strathmiglo, Fife, have built up a reputation of covetable value. While they were among the first to recognise the valuable assistance afforded by publicity, for their aims are big, and certainly, where sports footwear is concerned, their services are sought the world over.

They were also among the pioneers of the now almost universally adopted strap and buckle brogue shoe, an example whereof is illustrated on page viii. Although stout of build, as behoves its character, this is at the same time an exceptionally smart shoe, distinctive in style, quality and price. Only the highest quality materials are used, nevertheless, in brown willow calf the cost is only 33*s.*, black box calf 31*s.* 6*d.*, and when required for golf the soles are nailed.

The firm, however, have issued a special illustrated catalogue, exclusively dealing with what may be termed knockabout sports shoes and boots. They have in particular a sportswoman's lace-up boot, with strap extension top, the uppers measuring 11 ins. high. This style is produced only in the very best chrome calf and brown willow calf obtainable, and the result unquestionably represents the ideal boot for hard, cross-country service, and it is amazingly moderate in price at 41*s.* in chrome calf, and 44*s.* in willow.

In general footwear for both men and women, full details may

(*Continued on page* viii)